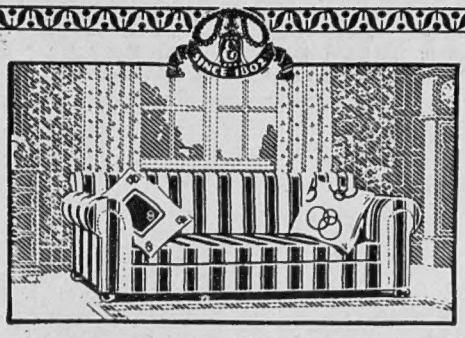

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Whatever the nature of your Headache may be, and however severe the pain, two Genasprin tablets — taken in a little water — will bring relief in a few minutes. That is no mere advertisement statement, but a fact which is being experienced daily by countless thousands of Genasprin users.

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(Regd. Design.)

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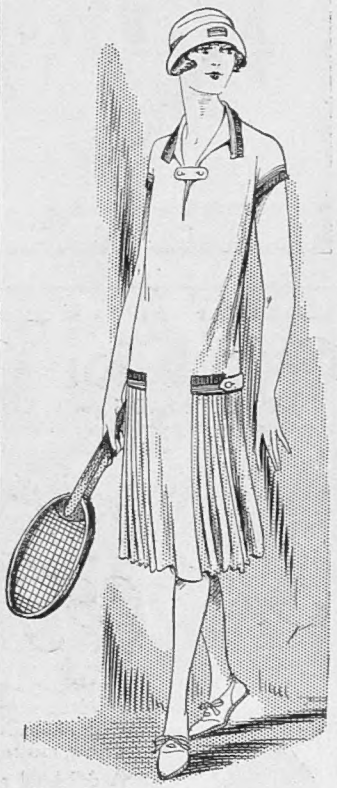

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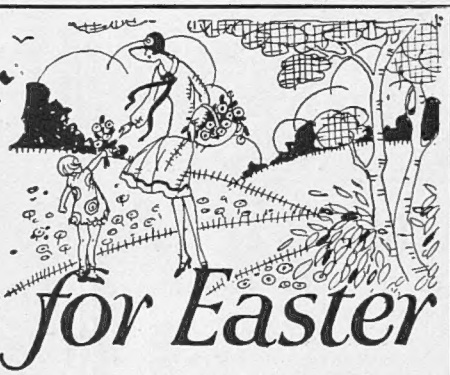
BENCH MADE
SHOES
for
LADIES



Shoes for Easter

Easter demands new Spring footwear! And what could be more lovely than Excelsior—embodying only those materials which have survived searching tests for beauty, elasticity and durability?

A delightful range of Spring models, made by craftsmen, is available—designs which cause the woman of taste to feel that though slightly dearer, they are worthy of her new toilette.

"Those things called dear, are, when justly estimated, the cheapest."

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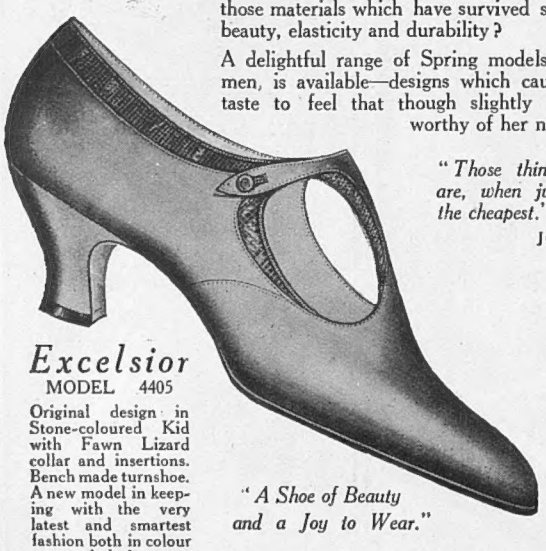

Excelsior
MODEL 4405

Original design in Stone-coloured Kid with Fawn Lizard collar and insertions. Bench made turnshoe. A new model in keeping with the very latest and smartest fashion both in colour and design.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

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VAN HEUSEN

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The World's Smartest Collar

REDUCED IN PRICE

FROM 1/9 TO

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THE CORSLO "CONTOUR" FOR FULL FIGURES

The "Corslo Contour" gives to the fullest figure relief from the irksome and mistaken bondage of stiffly-boned and tightly-laced corsets, which actually only make stoutness more of a burden and a disfigurement, whereas, when rightly and lightly moulded into long graceful lines there can be dignity and even beauty in figure fullness, while freedom from compression and discomfort will mean improved health and renewed vitality. It combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, and so saves the thickness of double materials, and prevents any of the unsightly "ridges and bulges" which ruin the graceful effect of any gown or costume. In order to give the necessary and special support, extra and firmer bones have been introduced in front and at the back, while a hook and eye fastening has been arranged at left side, so that the "Corslo Contour" can be put on without any stooping, and then adjusted to a comfortable fitting by the back lacings. When the wearer is seated, graceful lines and absolute ease have been ensured by the cutting up of the skirt partin the centre. As all the bones can be instantly removed, and replaced too, without any sewing, the "Corslo Contour" can be washed as easily as ordinary undergarments, while its cool comfort makes it indispensable for Tropical wear.

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In best quality silk tricot .. 6½ Gns.

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FOR SPRING

THE STUDINGTON D. B. CONNAUGHT

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was born - reared - and grown under sunny Virginia skies - plucked - selected as fit for my ultimate use - shipped to England where I lay till matured - cut - rolled - enclosed in my Autograph paper sheath - fitted with a delicate cork mouth-piece - inspected - re-inspected - passed - packed and am now ready to burn - for your delight as an Autograph Cigarette

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CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

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PEARS have made a discovery—the greatest discovery in soap-making since 1789. In the following description of this new toilet and complexion soap there are four blank spaces. We will pay £100 for the set of four words which best fills them. There are no conditions. Simply use Golden Glory and send to us before August 31st, 1926, the set of four words which your experience suggests as most appropriate. Words found in any of our advertisements may be used, but we hope and expect that they will be improved upon. You may send as many entries as you please, but each set of four words must be written in their appropriate order, together with your name and address, on a separate sheet of paper. Do not write anything else or it may disqualify you. Mark your envelope "My Words Dept. 20." We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence in connection with this award and our decision must be accepted as final.—A. & F. PEARS Ltd., 71 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

GOLDEN GLORY is a soap of undreamed-of charm. In the crystal-clear depths of this transparent golden soap lies more magic than has ever before been placed at the command of beauty. In any water its lather has a rich, texture, smooth as satin and soothing as sleep. Every now and again through the day you will catch its flower-fragrance hovering about you. You will daily enjoy the comfort which Golden Glory gives to town-tired and weather-weary skin, and watch with wonder the growing effect of its ingredients as they bring increasing radiance to your complexion. In Golden Glory you will realize that the Spirit of Youth has been captured for your service.

THIS perfect jewel of the soap-refiners' art is not unreasonably priced. Pears do not make or offer cheap soaps, but in Golden Glory they give the greatest soap value ever known. In all those properties for which toilet soap is used, Golden Glory excels all others, while for refinement and purity and as a beautifier it is unapproached.

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Golden Glory is always sold in a pictured wrapper

In decorated boxes of three cakes 2/-

or 8d *each cake*

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In appearance a jewel—
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Pears'

Golden Glory

The Golden Soap for Glorious Youth

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Headfittings: small, medium, and large. Post free.

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Established 1766

BC 58

SILK CREPE DE CHINE OVERBLOUSE

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Colours: Putty, Thé Rose, Grey, Clematis, Stone

49/6

OUR ADVANCE MODELS FOR THE COMING SEASON are now on view in our showrooms, and we cordially invite a visit. There you will see a wonderful array of new creations, smart and authentic, and possessing that distinctive charm for which "Walpole" models are so famous.

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Colours of charm

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"Solprufe" is obtainable wherever reliable fabrics are sold. Test and use it for Casements, Furnishings, and for men's, women's and children's garments. There is a range of over Forty beautiful shades.

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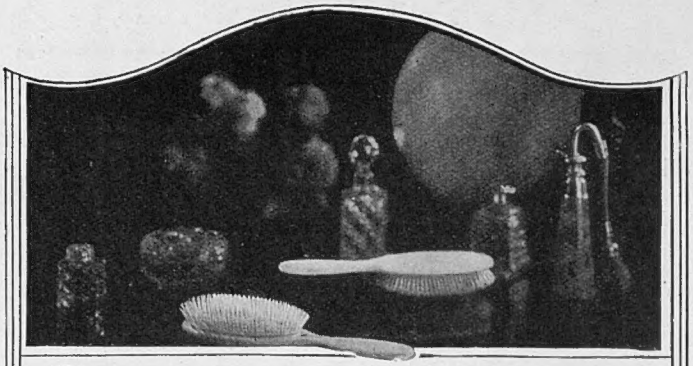
Guarantees Cotton Fabrics Fadeless



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New illustrated booklet of knitted wear post free.

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A New Standard of Foot-Health for Kiddies

SCIENTIFIC investigation has proved that for the average child's foot the all-too-common wide, broad-fitting type of shoe, though comfortable to a point, is not only a mistake but a direct contributor to hammer-toes, bunions, corns, tender feet, and other foot miseries, in after life.

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An extraordinarily wide range of fittings ensures the exactly right shoe being instantly available and the advice and suggestions of Harrods specially trained assistants may be implicitly depended on.

ONE BAR BUCKLE
In Tan Glacé Kid or best Patent Leather. A stylish model for young ladies. Narrow, medium, and wide fittings. Sizes and half sizes 2's to 8's.

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WALKING SHOE
In Black Box Calf or Tan Willow Calf, welted soles of waterproof leather. In narrow, medium, and wide fittings. Girls' sizes 11's to 1½'s or Misses' sizes 2's to 8's.

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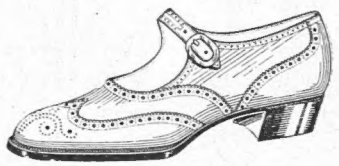
Whilst Harrods Experts give the most careful attention to all postal enquiries they strongly urge parents to *bring* the Children where possible, especially where unusual or difficult foot conditions are evidenced.

BROGUE BUCKLE BAR STYLE.



Tan Willow Calf, best welted soles. Also in Tan Brogue Oxford style, same price. Narrow, medium, and wide fittings.
11's to 1½'s 23/9 *2's to 8's* 27/9

AN 'ALL-WEATHER' STYLE

In Black Box Calf or Tan Goat Skin. Narrow, medium, or wide fittings. All Sizes.
7's to 10½'s 11's to 1½'s 2's to 2½'s 3's to 5's
13/9 17/9 19/9 21/9

SPECIAL ONE-BAR STYLE.

In splendid wearing Black Glacé Kid. Narrow, medium, or wide fittings. All Sizes.
4's to 6½'s 7's to 10½'s 11's to 1½'s 2's to 2½'s
9/9 10/9 12/9 14/9
Young Ladies' Sizes, 3's to 8's **17/9.**

LONDON S W 1

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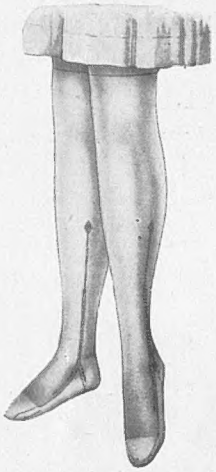
Pure Silk Hose (*as sketch*) with open-work clox, lisle tops and feet, recommended for wear. In black, white, fawn, flesh, grey, silver and other shades. Price **11/9**



Extra fine Silk Hose (*as sketch*) with open work clox, lisle feet and lisle hem. In pongee, kasha, flesh, beige, gold and black. Price **6/11**

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Pure Silk Hose (*as sketch*), with lisle feet and extra wide lisle tops, reliable wear. In black, white, rachelle, flesh, grey and other colours. Price **3/11**

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NIGHTDRESS (*as sketch*) in pure silk crêpe de Chine, also plain coloured washing voiles trimmed with mauve dainty cream lace V neck point on shoulder edged with lace, pin tucks at shoulder to give fulness, flat pleats on hips, chemise and knicker trimmed and made in the same way.

Nightdress	**29/6**
Chemise	**21/9**
Knicker	**21/9**

Colours: tango, pink, ivory, salmon, sky, bois de rose, pervanche, green, apricot and sunset.

Nightdress (in voile)	**21/9**
Chemise ,, ,, ...	**12/9**
Knicker ,, ,, ...	**12/9**

All lingerie colours in voile.

Boudoir Cap (*as sketch*) .. **25/9**
Boudoir Caps in lace, from **8/6**

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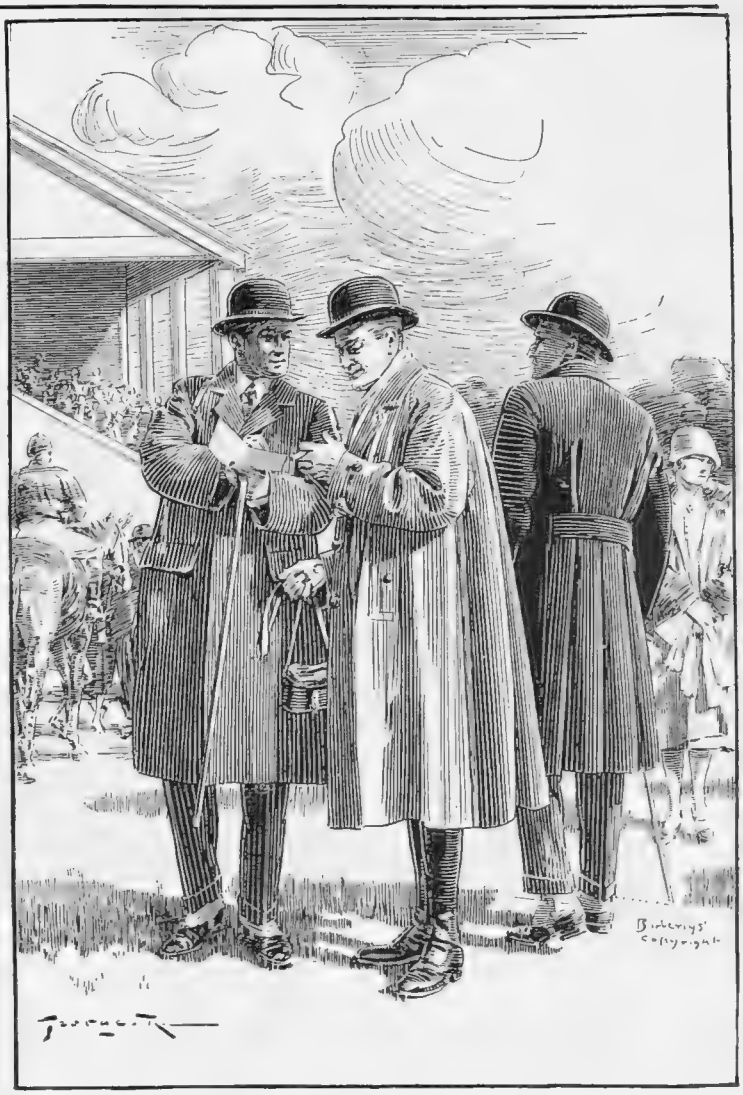

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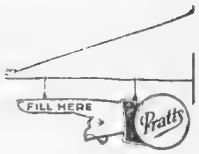
Later still, many a Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller must have welcomed the sight of the Bell when staging to York on the lonely North Road.



A Famous Sign of To-day

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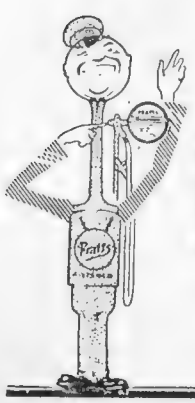

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Shoes *for* Men
Shoes *for* Women

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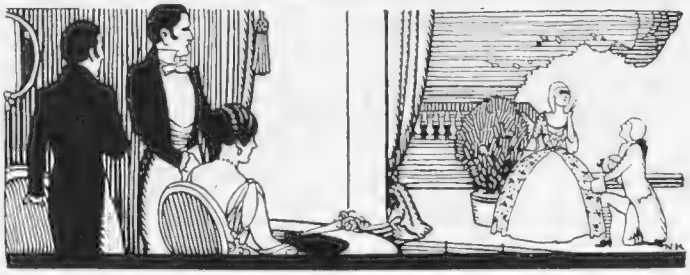

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Eyes are not fixed upon the stage all the time. While the lights are up that other stage—the really human stage *in front* of the footlights—absorbs the attention of many keen observers. Your toilette (no less than your neighbour's) is liable to criticism and appraisement. At such times, the knowledge that your Gown or Wrap has been skilfully treated by "Achille Serre" will be worth much to you.

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HOTEL DU LOUVRE ET DE LA PAIX.
Menton (A.M.).—HOTEL ATLANTIC & MALTE.
DAVINGTON, PROMENADE DU CAP MARTIN.
HOTEL ANNONCIATA.
HOTEL DES ANGLAIS.
HOTEL BRITANNIA & BEAU SITE.
HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE.
HOTEL CECIL.
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WYDER'S GRAND HOTEL.
Monte Carlo (Monaco).—
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HOTEL DE PARIS.
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The Bystander, March 17, 1926

No. 1163. Vol. LXXXIX

The BYSTANDER

Lafayette

MISS MARGARETTA MARYON-WILSON

The only daughter of Sir Spencer and Lady Maryon-Wilson. Her father, who is the 11th Baronet, has seats at Old Charlton, in Kent, and near Rugby

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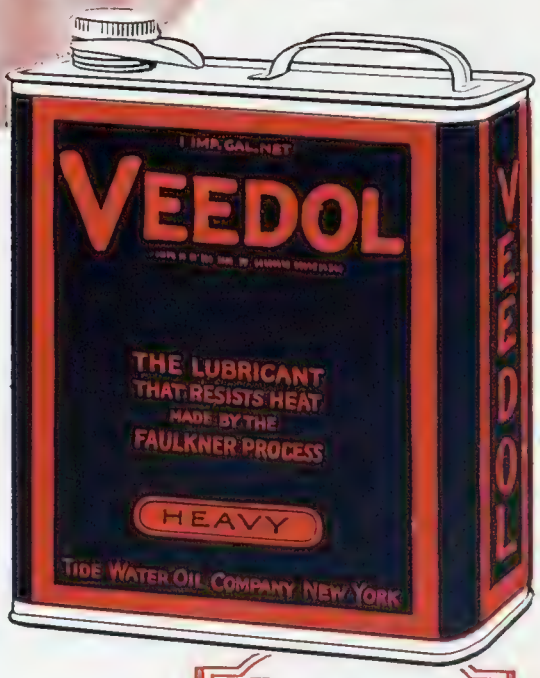

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BYTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

This Spring Number

EVER since William Willett invented "Summertime," I have been striving to confer some similar boon upon the human race. Baffled but never beaten, I have struggled on, until I am now within an ace of success. I had intended keeping my great secret a little longer, but this special Spring Number is an opportunity much too good to miss.

Juggling with the Calendar

AS Mr. Willett juggled with the clock, so I propose to juggle with the calendar. Mr. Willett said: "Let it be light at 10 p.m."—and it was light. My plan is to ensure that we shall get flowers and sunshine in the Spring and that all the wind and wet shall be confined to the winter months. This is an excellent idea, but how to set about it? Quite simple!

The Dear Departed

AS I say, it is quite simple. We shall remove Spring from the calendar. We shall have three seasons of four months, instead of four seasons of three months. Summer will start in July, autumn in November, and winter will last from March until June. During these winter months we shall sit around our log fires and talk of Spring, the dear departed, in hushed tones. We shall recall its balmy days and the beauty of the budding trees. It will become a fabled season, just as Lyonesse became a fabled land. Strange, extravagant stories will be told of primroses in Sussex woods and of violets in Devon combes. Our children's children will sing odd little jingles, such as the following:—

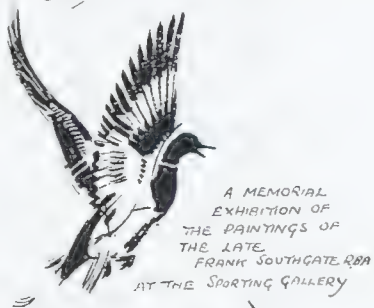
March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

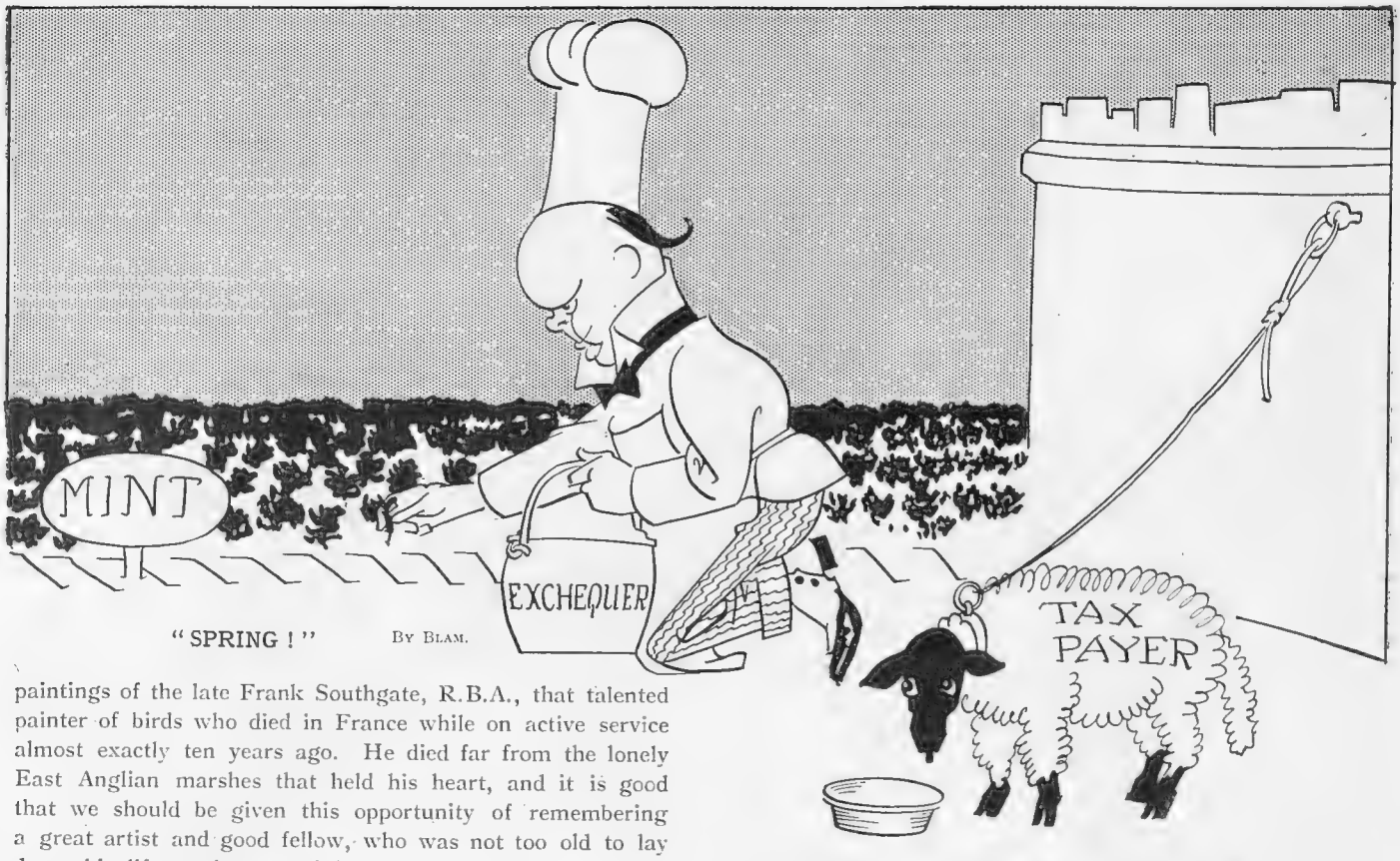
To the Memory of Me!

BY this means Spring will become a season of eternal sunshine. Poets yet unborn will hymn its praises, and artists will paint pictures of almond blossom flowering in the sun. No shrewd April wind nor bitter May snowstorm will come to dispel our illusions. Gradually we shall come to believe that young girls in white cotton frocks once garlanded themselves with flowers and danced round Maypoles set on the village greens of England. Spring flowers will blossom in our hearts, and there will be a statue erected to the memory of the man who brought these things to pass.

A Painter of Birds

ALMOST immediately, at the Sporting Gallery in King Street, Covent Garden, there will be opened a memorial exhibition of the





"SPRING!" By Blam.

paintings of the late Frank Southgate, R.B.A., that talented painter of birds who died in France while on active service almost exactly ten years ago. He died far from the lonely East Anglian marshes that held his heart, and it is good that we should be given this opportunity of remembering a great artist and good fellow, who was not too old to lay down his life at the age of forty-three.

With Gun and Brush

Southgate was born at Hunstanton, Norfolk, and it was in his native county that his most characteristic work was done. He was a wildfowler through and through, being as fond of the gun as of the brush. Though he painted some of his detail from the dead bird, it was his intimate knowledge of wild life which gave real truth and vigour to his pictures, and his landscape was always painted direct from nature. I hope that many sportsmen will spare half an hour to visit this memorial exhibition of an artist who was himself a sportsman first and last and all the time.

Still Wondering!

A certain K.C. wrote a book and it was sent to a newspaper for review. Whereupon the reviewer wrote: "It is good to know that a man in active practice at the Bar should have hobbies like this for his spare time." I am now wondering whether a working journalist "in active practice in Fleet Street" would receive a similar welcome from the Bar if he walked into the Old Bailey and offered to defend a prisoner at about half the Trade Union rates—or any other rate for that matter.

The Home of the Amateur

Happening to have a spare half-hour while in the Tottenham Court Road neighbourhood, I dropped into the Scala Theatre, now the Mecca of the more talented amateurs, and watched a performance of *Florodora*. The acting was excellent, the theatre was crowded, and the enthusiasm was tremendous. Yet there are quite a lot of people who would have us believe that the English musical comedy is a thing of the past, and that we have no native musicians to write our scores.

White and Scared

Curiously enough, the very man who wrote most of the *Florodora* music, Leslie Stuart, was appearing that same evening at what is practically the next-door theatre—the Palladium. He is a sprightly young fellow of sixty, and is game to write lots of musical comedies if someone will give him the chance. By the way, his recent confession that he had decided to "make up" for the stage because some wretched fellow described him as a "frail old man," prompts the suggestion that authors, when taking their first-night "calls," should follow his example. They might not then look so white and scared.

Was it a Record?

Talking of authors taking their calls, I am still wondering how Harris Deans managed, last week, when he had the same play produced on the same evening at two London theatres. This must surely be a record, though you may remember that I suggested that a manager with a really raging, tearing success should engage a second cast and stage a duplicate production in order to make double the money before the boom had time to subside.

Acknowledgments

My grateful thanks to James Agate, who refuses point-blank to refer to the home of the cinema as anything but a Palace. "I will not call these places theatres," snorts the pugnacious James. "They steal the drama's thunder—but there is no reason why we should give them the temple's name."

The Merest Glimpse

Having convinced himself that the Boat Race appeals more to the heart of the people than anything else in the sportsman's calendar, a well-known writer expresses surprise that the spectators should be satisfied with the merest glimpse of the crews as they flash past. But isn't this what happens in racing? I have been to most of the near London jumping meetings, and I am always astonished that the spectators are content to herd together at the winning-post, when they might be out in the "country" seeing a bit of real sport.

Give Me a "Close-up"

Myself I should hate to be fobbed off with a bird's-eye view of one of the big steeplechases. Give me a "close-up" of the water-jump, with all the flash, the scenery, and the thrill of ten horses racing more or less abreast. There is nothing more beautiful in life than a fence well taken—particularly when you happen to have executed a wise commission with your tame bookie before starting upon the long, long trail across the course.

Signs of Spring

BY E. T. REED

It's an extraordinary thing how the Spring lambs seem somehow to remind one of something or other. One seems to know their faces quite well

Topical

THE PRINCE IN AYRSHIRE

The Prince of Wales at a meet of the Eglinton Hounds at Ladykirk House, the residence of Mr. R. L. Angus. The hunt was one incident in a very full day's programme

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Spring

SOME of us are very modern, cubist in our ideas and cabaret in our habits. But there is one primitive instinct which remains in both the male and female of the species—and more especially in the female—the instinct of Spring.

When Spring is on the horizon—or supposed to be, according to the calendar—poets may begin to sing about daffydowndillies, although I believe nowadays quite a number of them write profitable advertisements for patent medicines instead, but woman, lovely and otherwise, begins to think about clothes. So do cohorts of young men.

It must have been Eve who first thought about Spring fashions. When she saw the bare branches of the trees beginning to be covered with delicate green she must have realised that her own garments were considerably the worse for winter wear, and, hey, presto! she took lots of new leaves from Nature's book. Perhaps that is why women since then have begun to hanker after new garments every year directly a shimmer of green comes upon the trees and hedgerows.

And then, of course, Eve told Adam he was looking disreputable, and positively must have some new leaves, too, and thus started mankind a-prinking itself out in the Spring.

Well, the Spring is a pleasant institution, although officially it opens close upon a quarter-day, and Bond Street on a Spring morning is one of the pleasantest sights in the world, with all the young men and women in their nice new clothes.

This year a certain event in the Royal Family should make the Spring a particularly happy one for England.

Spring at Claridge's

CLARIDGE'S is celebrating the return of Spring with a newly-decorated dining-room. Myself I always thought the old decoration and lighting rather gloomy. The new decorations are the last word in the day after to-morrow, but they are curiously

P. and A. Photo

ROYALTY ON SKIS

A recent photograph of the Crown Prince of Italy out ski-ing in the Italian Tyrol

F. Oliver

BETWEEN CHUKKERS

Prince George chatting with some onlookers at a Polo match in Hong Kong. He is serving on the China Station

and subtly attractive. To begin with, the light is rather like diffused sunshine, radiating all over the room from grouped candles on the walls and pillars, shaded by flowing gold. These golden shades suggest falling water as it is depicted by Chinese artists. All the paintings have been removed from the ceiling, which is now pinky-white. The curtains are of an exquisite fawn; pink predominates in the new carpet, and all the chairs are covered with pink brocade. Fawn, pink, and gold are the notes of the colour-scheme.

But what fascinated me most were the alcoves—four at the entrance end of the room and others here and there. Their background is of burnished gold, and in each alcove stands a china elephant supporting a many-storeyed pagoda lighted

THE WEDDING OF THE SEASON IN CAPE TOWN *Taylor's Studios*

A group taken after the wedding of Lt.-Commander Geoffrey Hawkins, R.N., A.D.C. to the Governor-General, and Lady Margaret Scott in Cape Town. The photograph shows, standing: Miss Katilin Dawson (left), Miss Iris Taylor, Capt. the Hon. Cecil Weld-Forester, the bridegroom, the Earl of Athlone, Lady Alice Scott and Lady May Cambridge. Sitting are: Lt.-Col. the Hon. Henry Bridgeman, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, the bride and the Duchess of Buccleuch

from within by electricity. The surface of the gold in these alcoves reminded me of the wonderful glowing effect you see in the churches at Ravenna and at Monreale. The designer of these new decorations for Claridge's, Mr. Basil Ionides, told me that he had gained this effect by having gold leaf laid on thickly and then burnished with an agate. The whole thing strikes an entirely new note in restaurant decoration.

How It Is Done

You can get some idea of the lines upon which Mr. Ionides builds up his colour-schemes from a book he has just published, *Colour* (*Country Life*, 10*s.* 6*d.*), illustrated by some delightful paintings of interiors by Mr. W. B. E. Ranken. If you are decorating your abode in these days when the splash of the painter's brush is heard in the land, I recommend you to possess yourself of *Colour*. It explains how all sorts of effects can be obtained by the use of various colours in ways of which the lay mind is totally ignorant. There are also decorative schemes set out in tabulated form covering every detail down to cushions and ornaments, and likewise most valuable hints, such as, "An insipid room can be given life by new cushions; dull curtains will often revive if braided tastefully, and a coat of stipple will frequently bring the paint-work to a more desirable tone; while the right aspect of a room changes as often as new coloured shades are provided for the lights."

Personally, until I read this book I never realised the possibilities of beauty in a paint-brush and several pots of paint.

E. Grant

FARMING IN KENYA

The Hon. Josslyn and Lady Idina Hay on their farm, Slains, at Gilgil in Kenya Colony. Lady Idina is a daughter of Earl de la Warr

A WEDDING IN ULSTER *Sport and General*

The bride and bridegroom with some of the guests after the wedding in Dromore Cathedral of Mr. J. P. Carr and Miss Cynthia Liddell, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Liddell. The photograph shows Lady Liddell (left), Mr. T. J. Ferguson, Miss Elizabeth Millar, Sir James Craig, the bride and bridegroom, Sir Robert Liddell, Miss Betty Harris, Mr. Carr, Lady Craig and Mrs. Carr. In front are Robert Carruthers, Hilda Carr and Morris Stevenson

Hustle Royal

THE Prince of Wales's eight-hundred-mile journey, there and back, to Ayr to dine with the Royal Scots Fusiliers, of whom he is Colonel-in-Chief, must surely be a record in Royal journeyings.

The Prince was one day only in Ayrshire. Arriving in the morning, he breakfasted with the Marquis of Ailsa at Culzean Castle, then went a-hunting with the Eglinton, inspected the depôt of the Royal Scots, and, after dining with the officers, went to Ayr station and so to London. Truly a most strenuous day, sandwiched between two nights in the train.

The Prince's host, Lord Ailsa, is Lord-Lieutenant of Ayrshire, and although close upon eighty, is full of vigour and affairs. He is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and once upon a time had a yacht-building yard at Troon. His second son, Lord Charles Kennedy, has inherited his father's love of yachting, and recently married Constance Lady Baird, the widow of Admiral Sir John Baird, the foremost of our yachtswomen and the owner of the *Thistle*.

Lord Charles, who is a scientific farmer, is second in succession to the Marquisate, his elder brother, Lord Cassillis, having no children. Another of Lord Ailsa's sons, Lord Angus Kennedy, has an engineering business in London.

Topical

LORD MIDDLETON, THE HON. MRS. CHARLES LAMBTON AND LADY MIDDLETON

A New Breed of Dog

ALTHOUGH the rough-haired dachshund is an old breed of dog and was much used for sporting purposes in Austria and Germany in the eighteenth century, it is a new breed so far as England is concerned, having only been recently introduced by Lady Berwick. The breed nearly died out in the middle of the last century, but it was revived, and a certain amount of German "Pinscher" and Dandie Dinmont blood was introduced into the strain. Since then they have been carefully bred and developed, and now they are thoroughly standardised.

Topical

LADY SOPHIE SCOTT (left), LADY ROBERT MANNERS, MISS BETTY MANNERS AND CAPT. GUY LUCAS

BYSTANDERS AT THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING AT CHELTENHAM

Sport and General

MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE, MRS. LONGWORTH AND MISS BEAUCHAMP

Sport and General

THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON AND BARON DE TUYLL

Some little time ago Lady Berwick brought a couple of these rough-haired dachshunds from Czecho-Slovakia and established them at Attingham Park, Lord Berwick's stately place near Shrewsbury. She has bred from them most successfully. They're most attractive little animals. Slightly shorter in the back than the ordinary dachshund, and longer and straighter in the leg, they have stiff, rough coats, usually pepper-and-salt in colour, although some are light and others dark brown. They are pluckier and cleverer than the smooth-haired kind, and are also much less liable to illness. The rough-haired dachshund ought to be very popular with dog-lovers

The King's Gift

SPEAKING of dogs I hear the King has given Lord North two of Queen Alexandra's bassett hounds. Lord North has a pack of these hounds at Wroxton Abbey which he uses for hunting hares. His pack has many followers in the Banbury country, giving excellent sport for those who find fox-hunting too expensive.

In Other Days.

SOME of the members of the peerage to-day give the newspapers a considerable amount of material in the way of their *bonnes fortunes* and their misfortunes. And just because peers and peeresses are pilloried by the public Press when they go through the Divorce Court, the Bankruptcy Court, or the police court, everybody sits up, and, wagging a wise head, says, "Ah, our nobility isn't what it used to be!"

Sport and General

MR. J. NORRIS ON MR. E. G. PEASE'S "UPPER-GRANGE," WINNING THE UNITED HUNTS CHALLENGE CUP FROM MAJOR CAVENAGH ON CAPT. E. J. L. SPEED'S "BLANK CARTRIDGE"

In other times the newspapers didn't take the trouble to give large headlines about the side-slips or head-on bumps of members of the aristocracy. The same sort of things happened fifty or sixty years ago, but nobody bothered to record them. Newspaper readers in those times can't have taken a quarter of the interest they do nowadays in the doings of the great and highly-placed.

The Peerage and the Workhouse

FOR instance, in our time have we ever heard of a Countess going to the workhouse? If such a thing had happened, can't you see the headlines—inches and inches deep? Yet the second wife of the fourth Earl of Mornington, the nephew of the great Duke of Wellington, not only had to go into a workhouse, but also had to seek outdoor relief!

Her husband, whose first wife was an unusually rich heiress, spent that fortune and his own in the most extravagant and crazy way. His second wife, who lived for forty years after their marriage, was in absolute indigence. But the knowledge only came to the world in an obituary notice published upon her death in 1869. The notice said that her experience "added an incident to the romance of the peerage. In the ruin into which the reckless Earl fell some forty years ago, the late Countess was for a brief time an inmate of St. George's Workhouse, and more than once she had to apply at the police-courts for temporary relief."

Think of the clatter there would be about all this nowadays!

Sport and General

MAJOR AND MRS. PHIPPS-HORNBY

"The reckless Earl" had a son who succeeded to the Mornington title, but when he died unmarried it went to the second Duke of Wellington, and is now one of the many titles borne by the present Duke.

A Gentle Hint

YOUR Bystander hears that a tactful suggestion, a little-bird-in-the-air sort of suggestion, has been conveyed to members of Parliament of each of the various colours in politics that they all ought to put in an appearance at the Speaker's Levees. Members have been told that uniform or levee dress are not indispensable—formerly they were, and very much so

In face of this pronouncement I take it there is no reasonable excuse for any member's non-attendance, especially as it

Topical

MRS. PHILIP HUNLOKE (left) AND MRS. PAYNTER

has been pointed out that appearance at least at one of the Speaker's Levees is a mark of respect to the House of Commons itself. A further hint has been given to members that invitations to the Speaker's Levees and official dinners come next to a Royal command—all private engagements must give way to them.

But isn't it odd that in this year of grace the Parliamentary authorities should find it necessary to issue a pronouncement to members on this matter? It sounds like teaching some of the members of the House

Alfieri

MRS. HARRY FOSTER AND MISS LAURA FOSTER

L.N.A.

BEFORE THE MEET

The Duchess of Westminster (left), Col. Lock, Mrs. Tennyson and Lord Borodale waiting for hounds to move off. The photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Belvoir at Freeby

Aitken

IN THE PARK

Prince Jaime of Spain photographed recently in the Park

of Commons their manners. Perhaps some of them needed it.

Fires in Country Houses

I DON'T wonder people are beginning to think that deliberate incendiarism is the cause of what you might call an epidemic of country-house burning. Lupton House, Lord Churston's house near Brixham, makes the ninth in almost as many weeks, and on the top of that, is the burning of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

The insurance authorities, however, do not incline to the theory that these fires are caused by Bolshevists wishing to strike terror into the souls of the hated "capitalists," and I suppose they ought to know. Central heating and electric light in old houses are regarded as fruitful causes of fire. And there is something in it.

To begin with, a steady heat all over the house throughout the whole winter dries the woodwork, flooring, etc., so if a fire does occur, ceilings, floors, panelling, and doors go up like tinder. But I'm told that many fires in country houses are caused by old flues being used for modern heating apparatus.

Some years ago a friend of mine succeeded to a property with a very fine old house. A heating installation had been put in by his father at considerable expense some time before. By the merest chance my friend discovered that the house had escaped destruction by a miracle. His wife's little dog made such a fuss scratching at a particular place on the floor of their bedroom, whining and barking whenever it was in the room, that finally

Bale

THE LADIES' MEET

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Pytchley, showing: Mrs. Ismay (left), Miss Ismay, Miss Lockett and Miss Hogan, who are all popular members of the Hunt

Aitken

AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Lady Kitty Vincent with two of her Alsatians which took part in the recent Alsatian wolfdog trials held at the Crystal Palace

Photopress

"WHAT'S THE JOKE?"

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, the well-known actress, with her dogs at the recent Stage Dog Show. Her Pekingese appears to be entirely mystified and not a little scandalised at the Chow's hilarity

Special Press

BEFORE THE RUN

The Grafton met recently at Stowe School in Buckinghamshire, the hunt being led by Lord Hillingdon. The photograph shows the group on the steps of the school before hounds moved off

L.N.A.

AN EALING EVENT

Princess Mary photographed at Ealing when she visited the town to open Alexandra House, a boys' home. The name was given in memory of the late Queen Mother

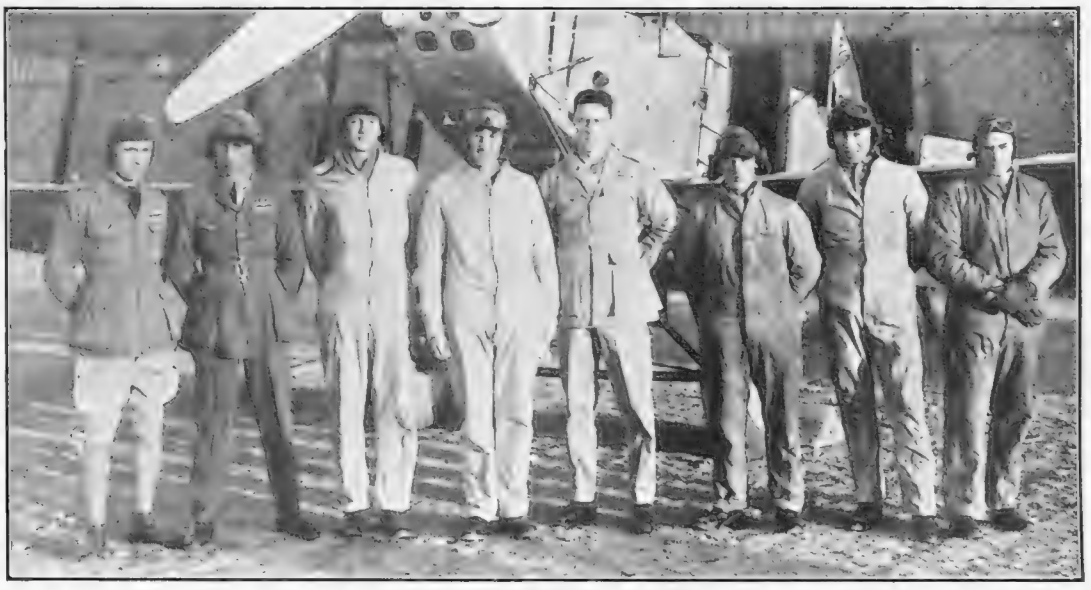
AN OFFICIAL CALL *Photopress*

Vice-Admiral Sir Rudolf Bentinck calling on the Mayor of Portsmouth on taking over command of the Reserve Fleet. The photograph shows: Paymaster Cmdr. P. D. E. Marks, Sir Rudolf Bentinck, the Mayor of Portsmouth (Councillor F. J. Privett), the Town Clerk and Flag-Lieut. King

was dried to powder, and in the ceiling below it was badly charred. The people who had put in the central heating had used the old flue without even troubling to see where it went to or ended. Obviously the system was old-fashioned, yet if the little dog had not smelt the rat's nest another fine old country house would, in all probability, have gone up in flames.

they had a board taken up, and below it was a nest of baby rats.

Further examination showed that the mother rat must have crept up the ivy outside and then through a hole in the wall beneath the flooring. Below the hole was the top of a flue coming straight through the wooden flooring of the room below! All round the top of the flue the wood



TRANS-CONTINENTAL FLYERS *Central News*

The personnel of the R.A.F. flight from Cairo to Cape Town and back. The photograph shows: Flt.-Lieut. L. E. M. Gillman (left), Fl.-O. A. A. Jones, Flt.-Lieut. P. H. Mackworth, Wing-Cmdr. C. W. H. Pulford (in command), Flt.-Lieut. E. J. L. Hope, Sgt. A. C. Gardener, Sgt. C. Hartley and Fl.-O. V. L. Payne

LT. GAMON, R.N., MISS MONCRIEFF AND PAYMASTER RICHMOND AT THE MARSA CLUB

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE IN MALTA

An off-duty round with the Services on the Island

MISS VIOLET PERCIVAL, DAUGHTER OF SIR HAROLD PERCIVAL, ON THE MARSA COURTS

'Ware Wire

ANOTHER cause of fires in country houses is the fusing of electric light wires. And I wonder how often this happens just through sheer carelessness. If anything happens to an electric light wire the fuse on which it is connected breaks in the fuse-box and nothing happens. But when people put on too strong a wire on the fuses, instead of the wire breaking if anything goes wrong, it resists the pressure and you have a fire.

Talking about this the other day, somebody told me they knew of a serious fire which had been caused by a rat biting an electric light wire in half. The fuse had not broken, because an ingenious butler had used a lady's thin hat-pin instead of the proper fuse wire. And you can lose all your household possessions, and your family roof-tree too, if some stupid person puts wire from a ginger-beer bottle on one of your fuses.

Private Flying Not Popular

IT is rather odd, seeing the keen interest in aviation, that there are not a dozen people in the country who own private aeroplanes. I suppose the expense is the reason. The least expensive 'plane costs close upon £800, then there is the upkeep, which is heavy. But I understand that the greatest handicap to private ownership is "landing" and "taking off." You can't drop down anywhere in an aeroplane, so if you do own a 'plane you have to keep it either in an aerodrome or somewhere with plenty of open space for your goings-up and comings-down. This means, especially if you live in London or in a town, a motor journey of several miles before and after your flight.

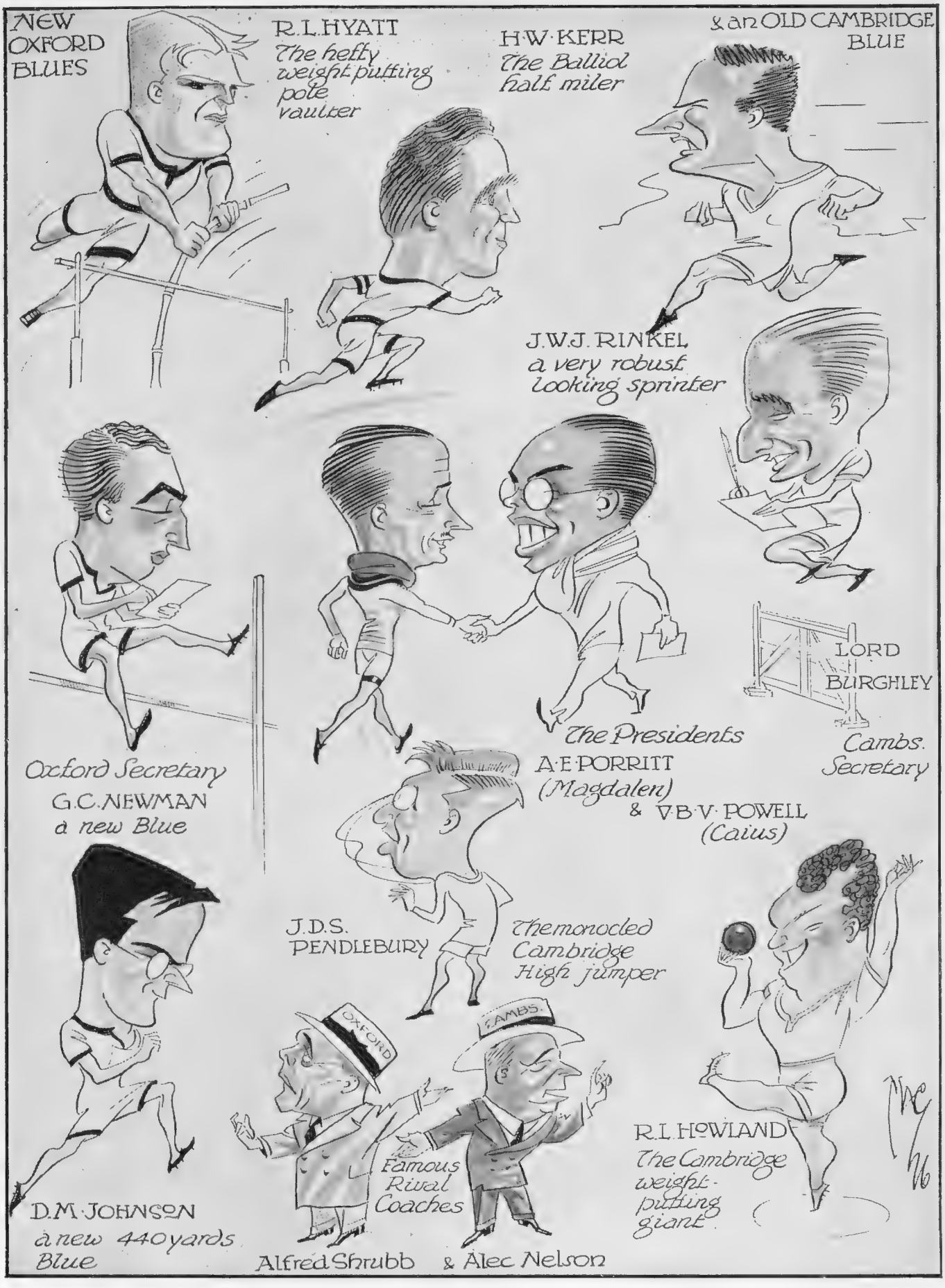
MRS. GILLAM, THE WIFE OF COL. R. A. GILLAM, WITH HER SON, MICHAEL

So there seem to be a good many what are called "contributory causes" to the lack of popularity of private ownership of aeroplanes

Photographs *Central Press*

HER EXCELLENCY LADY CONGREVE AT A FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE CASINO MALTESE

'Varsity "Blues" With Plenty of Movement

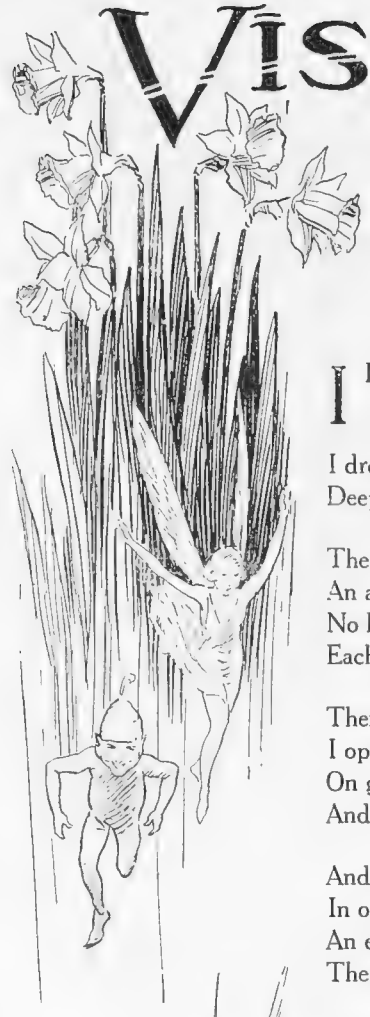


BY MAC

Some "motion" pictures of people who will be well to the fore in the Inter-'Varsity Sports at Queen's Club on Friday, March 19

Vision of Spring

By A. A. THOMSON



I DREAMED a dream—a strange, wild dream—that filled me with affright;
The sort of dream that makes me fear to go to bed at night.
I dreamed that I was at my club, ensconced in leathern chair;
Deep silence and composure hung around me in the air.

The atmosphere was hushed and chill with reverential gloom—
An air that might have brooded o'er a Roman catacomb.
No laugh was heard, no voice was raised that silence to besmirch;
Each member would as soon have sung a comic song in church.

Then suddenly, instinctively, I did a foolish thing:
I opened up a window-sash and looked out on the Spring;
On golden-headed crocuses, a-nodding, row on row,
And daffodils a-blooming in the garden down below.

And then I knew that I had sinned—a dark and deadly sin.
In opening that window I had let a something in:
An elfin laugh, a breath of air, a breeze—and there's the rub—
The spirit of the Springtime was let loose upon that club.

The elves from out the daffodils, those pestilential imps,
Attacked our oldest member, an aged peer who limps;
They whispered softly in his ear: "Get up, old boy, and dance!"
He straightway grasped his knobby stick and then began to prance.

The laughter of the fairies and the whisper of the breeze
Took hold of gouty admirals and eminent K.C.'s;
They seized on men who normally were stiff as brazen pokers—
Retired colonels, K.B.E.'s and elderly stockbrokers.

Completely captivated by the spirit of the Spring,
They seemed to have no option but to laugh and dance and sing;
And through their merrymaking, like a lilting echo ran,
A limpid stream of melody, the silvern pipe of Pan.

"Hey, ding-a-ding!" the bishop sang, "It's Springtime. What a joke!"
I turned my anguished eyes away and (fortunately) woke . . .
'Twas but a dream. I sighed relief to realise it, *but* . . .
Oh, what a dreadful warning 'twas to keep club windows shut!

SKETCHES BY NORMAN KEENE

The Riviera Week by Week

ROYAL VISITORS AT NICE *L.N.A.*

Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise and the Duke of Connaught at the Victoria Memorial British Hospital at Nice. The group includes Dr. Davis Trafford (standing, left), Sir Henry Samuelson and the British Consul, Mr. Wiseman Keogh

LAST Sunday was one of the most brilliant days imaginable, with a hot sun, a shade temperature of well over sixty, and a deep blue sky flecked with a few high clouds, and everyone was out of doors the whole day. Except, that is to say, those of our winter colony who had been dancing most of the previous night at one or other of the galas, which are especially numerous along the coast on Saturdays, and who had remained invisible until the luncheon hour, thereby getting a little much-needed rest, but missing a lot of glorious sunshine.

Marc Le Noir

A RIVIERA WEDDING

Mr. Francis Johnston and his bride, formerly Miss Mulock, photographed after their wedding. The photograph was taken in Cannes during the reception

CHURCH parade on the Croisette at Cannes comprises the Sunday morning stroll of all those who arose a little too late to go to church, re-inforced a little later by those who *had* been, and by those others of our ultra-cosmopolitan crowd for whom no appropriate place of worship has yet been erected down here. Villa residents from the Californie district or the Croix-des-Gardes motor down to the sea-front to take their gentle promenade between the Carlton and the Casino, and the waiting cars form a dazzling display of the art of the coach-builders of all Europe, stretching in a double line for the better part of a mile. On the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, the terraces of Monte Carlo, and the sea-fronts at Menton, St. Raphael and Hyères, one sees similar gay spectacles, rather like Hyde Park on Sunday morning without the silk hats, but with picturesque Oriental vendors of those carpets which are supposed to be useful to Westerners when out for a walk, and with many other items of passing interest, such as the hawkers of tinted glasses, sunshades and fans, for which there would be little demand in the middle of an English winter!

H. S. S. Scrivener

AFTER THE RACE

Mr. R. Ford's "Caméo" with sail set. She was third in the six-metre class race in the Monaco Regatta

THIS last Sunday the largest and smartest crowd on the whole Riviera was beyond question that at the Cannes Polo Club, where the final match for the Ballyrack Prizes, presented by Mr. Appleton, a regular American visitor, took place. It was easily a record attendance for Mandelieu, which was doubtless accounted for by the promise of a display of trick riding and dancing by a number of the Cossack Djiguites of Kouban. The polo was one-sided enough, for the "Crimson Ramblers," headed by Major Magor, who was in fine form, had no trouble in beating the "Yellows," headed by Comte de Madre, who was not, by 10 goals to 1. The crowd was, in fact, rather more interesting than the game, and was exceptionally international.

THE most alluring episode was the meeting of a famous Russian Grand Duke with a number of the Cossack riders, who stood stiffly to attention for a considerable time while he conversed with them—and onlookers commented freely among themselves on the political possibilities of the interview. A few yards away a distinguished Prince, half German but more than half Danish (to use an Irishism), and related to most of the Royal families of Europe, including our own, with his charming American wife was chatting with an English resident and his French wife. Near by them stood a Frenchman of title with his wife, who is the sister of a notorious American society man who was convicted years ago of murder; while the wife and daughter of a leading Canadian statesman, a Mexican millionaire, a wealthy Belgian manufacturer, an Irish peeress, and, in fact, representatives of the aristocracy of most parts of the world, mingled with others whose claims to social position would have been hard to substantiate. It was a unique scene in a beautiful setting.

THE KING OF SWEDEN is obviously enjoying to the full his winter holiday in the South, and would be very sad if home politics spoiled it, as they did last year. His second son, Prince Wilhelm, is

also at Nice, but is going out seldom, and is understood to be writing another book on his travels. The King, however, is out all day and every day—and most nights as well. He lunched with Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse at their fine villa at Cannes last week, when a distinguished party of friends, including the Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme, Princess de Castagneto, Marquis and Marquise Doria d'Angri, and Colonel and Mrs. Ronald Brooke, of Valescure, were invited to meet them. A day or two later he motored into the hill-country, spending some time at the historic little town of Vence, where he bought a number of Provençal antiques, and dined in Cannes with friends at the Ambassadeurs, where he saw the great gala at which the *mannequins* of a dozen of the leading dress designers of Paris exhibited the latest and most daring of their creations. He went into the baccarat rooms towards midnight, and was still there when I left at 2 a.m. The whole Casino was packed almost to suffocation with a truly remarkable throng, and I heard one famous *littérateur* remark, "A tremendous quantity of people, but very few clothes!"

THE international tournament at the Cannes Tennis Club—recently taken over, by the way, by a group of the leading members, who were determined that the club should not become the property of a firm of tennis-ball manufacturers—began on the 15th, and was exceptionally interesting. We are holding our second Battle of Flowers that week, and many other outdoor *fêtes* and indoor galas and concerts are announced for the near future, the appearance of Raquel Meller at the Ambassadeurs being an outstanding feature of the programme.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT lunched at Ciro's one day with his sister, Princess Beatrice, prior to going to the tennis tournament, and many other well-known faces are seen daily at this popular resort. Pam's, the Royalty Bar, the Carlton and the Knickerbocker—where supper parties are entertained with first-rate cabaret turns—are all doing wonderfully well, and the puzzle is how visitors ever manage to get any sleep at all with so many attractive night resorts open. Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Prideaux-Brune—the latter a sister of Lord Brabourne—are staying in Menton, where other arrivals include Captain P. H. Emanuel, F.R.G.S., the explorer and writer, with his wife, who will be here until May, and Mr. Knighton Hammond, the artist whose works have such a vogue in the U.S.A., and who has several pictures in the Tate Gallery. Miss Helen Wills and her mother stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Blake at their villa during the recent tournament, and made numerous friends.

ALL Nice, and most of the visitors from other near-by towns, were present at the Franco-Russian Gala, which took the form of an Oriental *fête*, and was very enjoyable. The Duke of Connaught was there, and it was one of his rare appearances this season at an evening affair, which indicates that his health is much improved, and also that he is always ready to support any deserving charities. The next festivals here will be at Mi-Carême, when there will be another Battle of Flowers and several big gala dinners. Admiral and Mrs. David Murray Anderson are at Beaulieu, and Mr. Ira Nelson Morris, a prominent Chicago citizen who was at one time the American Ambassador at Stockholm, and Mr. Henri Spahlinger, the Swiss scientist, who has accomplished so much in the fight against tuberculosis, are others staying in the district.

THERE will be another large influx of visitors to the Riviera for Easter, although where they are to be accommodated remains to be seen. Fortunately, there are many who have been here for several months who are unable to stay any longer, so the problem will doubtless be solved somehow in due course, as it has before—but it was never so difficult as this season.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

Marc Le Noir

"THE AZURE COAST IS SO BRACING!"

Annette Mills and Bobby Sielle, the famous exhibition dancers, putting in an impromptu rehearsal at Cannes, where they have been dancing at the Ambassadors'. They are now appearing at the Ambassador Club in London.

Sport on the Riviera

THE yacht racing on the Riviera is very interesting this season, because in the two "International" classes—the six metres and the eight metres—there are six boats owned (and, as a rule, sailed) by Englishmen, whereas last year there were only two in the whole fleet of about fifty. This year's English-owned boats are *Siris* (General W. Paget), in the eight-metre class; and in the six metres, *Capelle* (famous also in English waters), now owned by Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis; *Tanis* (Hon. Rupert Guinness); *Caméo* (Mr. R. Ford); *Velella* (Captain Leslie Richardson); and *Yara II* (Mr. Conill). So far, the last three named have not been conspicuously successful—their time may come later—but the other three have done well, although they have been up against some real French and Italian "fliers." At Monaco Regatta, at which there were five days' racing, *Siris* started four times and gained three seconds, and at Menton she was first home on the second day. At Monaco, *Capelle* scored one first and two thirds in the six-metre class, and was never lower than fifth in a fleet of ten. She also won the race from Monaco to Menton on the first day of Menton Regatta, and tied with *Tanis* for the best average score at Monaco. *Tanis* has yet to win a first (at the moment at which I write), and I feel sure it will come, for Mr. Guinness has got a good boat, and she is always well sailed. She had been second twice at Monaco, third once, and never lower than fifth, which accounts for her tie with *Capelle* for the "average" prize. On the second day of Menton Regatta she was again second. It is worth mentioning that at Monaco, in the two smallest classes, which are not "international," but peculiar to the Côte d'Azur—the 6.50 metres and the 5 metres—*Phoque* (6.50), owned by MM. Weil and Fouquer, and *Dahlia*, owned by M. Givernaud, were invincible. They started on each of the five days, and were first every time. It is probable that the two crack Italian boats, *Etra* (8 metres; Commander R. Gandolfo) and *Balilla* (6 metres; M. D. Costagutta), would have had the best "average" in their respective classes but for a collision, in which on the last day *Balilla* rammed *Etra* so hard at the start that both were disabled. Which reminds me that one day, when the whole fleet were more or less bunched together close to the starting line, a dear old lady, looking down on the scene from the Casino terrace, ejaculated, "Look at those silly fishing boats! Why do they all try to fish in the same place?"

FOLLOWING up their previous success in the Prix de la Croisette, the "Crimson Ramblers" at Mandelieu have carried off the Ballyrack Polo Cup, presented by Mr. Appleton. The winners were J. Pickersgill, J. Martinez de Hoz, G. Balding, and Major P. Magor, and they beat the "Tigers" (Comte de Madre, Captain E. W. Palmes, Colonel Matthew Lannowe, and J. Macaire) by 6½ goals to 1. THE BYSTANDER prizes drew a large number of entries at the Hyères Golf Club. The winners were Mr. and Mrs. B. Donne-Bynre, with a score of 76½, and the runners-up, Miss V. Molyneux Seel and General Sir T. Scott, returned a card of 80½.

MISS HELEN WILLS was not playing quite as well at the Menton tournament as she did at Monte Carlo. She won the ladies' singles all right, beating Mlle. d'Alvarez for the second time in the final, but it was hardly as convincing a win as its predecessor. It was Mlle. d'Alvarez who really dominated most of the rallies with her beautiful rapier-like thrusts, but she could not win quite enough of them.

H. S. S.

From Our Portrait Gallery

Bassano

LORD AND LADY GLENCONNER

Who were married last year. Lady Glenconner is the second daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget

FASHION'S

AS RENDERED BY SOME

A pastel blue crepe de Chine dinner frock (Model Ginette Maddie) with embroidered beads

A black duvetyn hat (Model Louise Marsy) embroidered silver-grey braid

A Rosine Aoust model in mauve silk straw trimmed violet ribbon velvet

A striking example of the new fashion in sunshades. The bird is a Macaw

A cream cloth coat by Heim with black fur collar and suède waist-band

A black taffeta gown by Boué Sœurs. The frills are of ivory lace

SPRING SONG

LEADING PARIS HOUSES

A fine black straw, Marg Eisler model. The brim is of black satin

A Bridal veil in white tulle with Madonna lilies. A Berthe Rambourg model

A black printed georgette frock (Model Rolland) with beige and lemon pattern

An evening cloak (Model Boué Sœurs) in soft crepe satin trimmed with ermine

A pastel blue velvet gown (Model Pangvy) with bâtik designs on skirt, and strawberry coloured cloak

Another of the new fashion in sunshades with embroidered cockatoo

Photographs by H. M. Talma, Henri Manuel, and Alfieri.

A Perfect Deer!

W. J. Brunell

MISS RENÉE MALLORY

With an enthusiastic admirer whose advances appear to be suitably rewarded. Miss Mallory has been understudying Miss Ivy Tresmand in "Katja, the Dancer" at Daly's

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX."

(By the late Lord Curzon.)

GOD gave all men all earth to praise
There's not the slightest doubt;
And yet, 'tis Sussex-by-the-Sea
They always write about.
Why Kipling went to Rottingdean,
Instead of Banff or Aberdeen,
I never could make out.

'Tis true that Mr. Belloc walked
The wondrous Path to Rome:
He walked and walked; he talked and talked;
He saw St. Peter's dome,
And yet, it was the Sussex Downs
And all those jolly Sussex towns
That brought the wanderer home.

A score of poets followed fast,
And yet another score,
Till poor old Sussex-by-the-Sea
Could find no room for more.
They stretched from Arundel to Rye,
And all those lands that are thereby,
Like sands upon the shore.

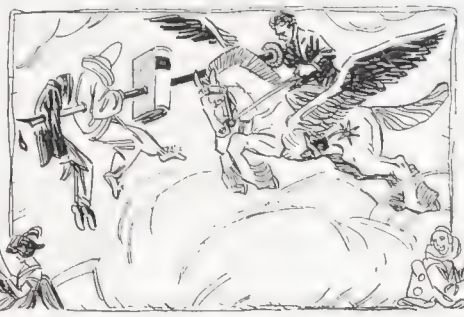
They ambled into Amberley;
Their little tales to tell.
They wandered into Winchelsea
Their little songs to sell.
They tramped the lonely Sussex Downs
Quaffed ale in little Sussex towns—
And lemonade as well.

But here's a book on Bodiam;
That castle of renown!
The lilies float upon the moat
Beneath its walls of brown.
A book to read, and read again
When little men have caught the train
And scuttled back to town.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR

(Who says England is not a musical nation).

SIR EDWARD, this is very wrong—
After the way we've sung your song.
After we've hymned, in every key,
Our England, Mother of the Free.
After we've sung it every night,
Until we've nearly got it right:
Each morning and each afternoon
Until we nearly know the tune;
Till Mrs. Goode, at Golders Green,
Hearing me singing it at Sheen,
Has got your song upon the brain—
Come, come, Sir Edward, guess again!



"JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK."

OH, Paddy dear,
An' did ye hear
The news that's goin' round
About this play,
This daarlin' play,
The Irish Players found?
Shure, 'tis the most disthressful story
That ever yet was seen,
For there is wit
To savour it
An' tears tucked in between.

When they went along to see it
All the critics had to cheer,
An' the famous St. John Baughlkley
Came and whispered in my ear:
"'Tis the finest Irish drama
That ever yet was seen.
Be sure you go
An' see the show" . . .
An' so, of course, I've been!

Each single act
With smiles is packed—
It's like ye never knew;
You'll find the way
These players play
Makes all they say seem true.
Shure 'tis the most delightful actin'
That ever yet was seen;
The sort of thing
That makes you sing
"The Wearin' of the Green."

Shure, the tale is most convincing,
And the characters are real:
There is Juno (Sara Allgood)
And the Widow (Maire O'Neill)
Mister Sinclair is the Paycock,
His like was never seen;
He's just a man—
A daarlin' man,
Come straight from Dublin Green

"R.S.V.P."

Produced 23rd February, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

IT is, I believe, an axiom among Revue producers that it does not matter what you call the thing so long as you are delivering the goods. And since Mr. Archibald de Bear has delivered the goods with conscientious thoroughness, he might as well call his Revue "R.S.V.P." as anything else. With commendable restraint I have refrained from attempting to follow the fashion by fitting unlikely words to the initials of the title, assuming that, the Revue having been successfully produced, a polite appeal is now made to the public to respond with its patronage. The varied scenes include a delicately beautiful fancy by Mr. de Bear, entitled "Alice in Lumberland"; while the incidental music of Mr. Norman O'Neill adds to the dainty charm of an extremely tasteful production. Perhaps an occasional outbreak of robuster humour, here and there, would have made a more general appeal to playgoers who like their fun with a kick in it, but, as everybody knows, it is no use trying to please everybody.

A REVUE without a playful gibe at the well-known Firm that supplies furniture on extremely easy terms, would hardly be complete to-day. So we have "The Furniture Saga" duly represented here. Mr. Robert Hale, as the philanthropic dealer, is ably seconded by Mr. J. H. Roberts as a representative customer. The familiar transaction is portrayed in three episodes. We have first of all the usual improvident young man buying more furniture that he can afford, and making farcical offers of payment; and then the scene of the story is swiftly changed to Aberdeen. The Scottish joke here consists of a touching appeal by the very canny customer, who wants to know if instead of having the furniture delivered in plain vans, delivery could not be effected by vans bearing the historic name of Maple, in order to impress the neighbours.

THE furniture deal is then transferred to the Wild and Woolly West, where it is characteristically transacted at the pistol's point. Both merchant and customer "get the drop" on each other before proceeding to discuss the business on hand. But so little agreement is reached that the merchant, solely as a measure of precaution, is obliged to shoot his customer before getting any money out of him, a proceeding which, I am told, is entirely opposed to commercial ethics. But the corpse has at least the satisfaction of knowing that its funeral expenses are covered by insurance, and that it will be delivered to the cemetery in "plain vans."

THE success of "Mercenary Mary" at the Hippodrome has naturally fired the enthusiasm of the burlesque writer. I am not quite sure, however, that "Worse-Than-Any-Mary" is the likeliest pun that the title inspires. Punning is, of course, out of fashion in these times; but in the old days, when the "Sacred Lamp of Burlesque" was burning brightly at the Gaiety, the public tolerated puns that nowadays would send chills down your spine. I have myself seen complete immunity from harm accorded to an actor who, representing a sleepy sentry at his post, muttered as a dreamy aside: "Why am I like the figure 6? Because I'm half-a-dozin'." I think that sort of atrocity in these days would lead to a breach of the King's peace. The distinctive feature of the present burlesque is the amazing versatility of Mr. Robert Hale, who first of all represents Mary reclining on the garden wall (with her figure detachable from the waist downwards) and who, after a couple of very quick changes, gives remarkable imitations of Mr. Baskcomb and Mr. Lew Hearn.

THE second part of the Revue is devoted entirely to the Fantasy "Alice in Lumberland," which is a thing of exquisite quality and charm. Here Mr. J. H. Roberts represents an old second-hand bookseller who, in spite of his extreme poverty, refuses to part with an original edition of "Alice" which he has among his lumber, because of the

secret that it holds. Alice is, in short, alive and—as becomes a graceful dancer—kicking as well. Further, all the other old favourites of the story prove to be alive as well, and as the Fantasy proceeds, they troop on, making a fine show of mingled colour and lively dancing, condensing the story of "Alice in Wonderland" into the space of half-an-hour. When the pleasing riot of colour and dance is over, we are back in the bookseller's shop, with the old man's daughter protesting that the characters in "Alice" are all dead. At which, the Mad Hatter suddenly appears in the doorway to protest that they are not dead. Only mortals die. The delicate suggestion of the immortality of "Alice" is thus quite happily expressed. In this scene Miss Mimi Crawford, as Alice, proves to be one of the liveliest and most pleasing dancers of the evening.

CYRIL RITCHARD AS THE MAD HATTER

MIMI CRAWFORD AS ALICE

ENID STAMP-TAYLOR AS THE CHESHIRE CAT

MR McDRACE AND MR EVER-R-R-R-YMAN
ROBERT HALE AND J.H.ROBERTS

CYRIL RITCHARD AND MIMI CRAWFORD.

With the third act we have Mr. J. H Roberts appearing as an amiable but terribly talkative parson at a suburban Bridge party. It is, I think, generally understood that Bridge is a game requiring, above all things, complete concentration, and the dear Vicar's inability to keep his mind from wandering among totally irrelevant topics makes the scene extremely laughable. Indeed, judging by the way in which every false move in the game was taken up by the audience, I should conclude that we must be a nation of Bridge players. Mr. Roberts is a great comedian, and he brings to this Revue finer acting than such entertainments are able usually to show.

Almost successful turn is given by Miss Joyce Barbour who, in a wonderfully quaint make-up, sings a well-written song entitled "How Now, Brown Cow?" The song is set as a test in correct pronunciation, and the treatment of the lines by a coster lady with the orthoëpy of her class, is extremely laughable; while the words are funnier still as given by one of the superior ladies who speak habitually of "naine-faive" or "quaite." This is a distinctly brilliant effort in an unusually fine programme. Miss Barbour subsequently appears with Miss Mimi Crawford and Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor in a trio about "The Three Graces." The ladies sing a light-hearted song the aim of which appears to be to hint to us that they are not so demure as they appear. By way of emphasising the hint they indulge in high-kicking dances purposely designed, it would seem, to reveal dazzling effects in underwear more remarkable for dainty artistry than for warmth.

Towards the end of the evening Mr. Robert Hale breaks out as a Swiss lady-trapezist, with the most complete success, it being understood that earlier in his career he was an exponent of stage acrobatics. This performance is supremely laughable. Another happily chosen member of the cast is Mr. Cyril Ritchard, who is not only a sound comedian, but is also the star dancer of the production. It should be understood that I have mentioned only a few of the items of this excellent entertainment, which raises the art of Revue-producing to a very high level indeed.

JINGLE

ANNIE KASMIR AND CHORUS IN "THE KINKY KIDS' PARADE"

Some Débutantes of

PRINCESS IMERETINSKY
Daughter of Sir John and Lady Mullens, who is to be presented this year

MISS ANGELA DUNCAN
One of this year's débutantes. She is the daughter of Major-General John and Mrs. Duncan

Photographs

MISS PHYLLIS FRANKLYN
Another of the season's débutantes. She is the daughter of Mrs. Arden Franklyn

THE HON. JOAN OGILVIE-GRANT
Who is to be presented this year. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Strathspey

Lafayette

MISS JOAN MORTIMER
Who comes out this season. She is the daughter of Mrs. Haliburton Mortimer

the Coming Season

MISS ROSEMARY LOCOCK
Who is to come out this season. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Locock, of Eaton Terrace

THE HON. STELLA WYNN
Who comes out this season. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Newborough

Photographs

MISS MARY POWER
The eldest daughter of Sir John and Lady Power. She is to come out this season

MISS PRISCILLA PERROTT
The elder daughter of the late Sir Herbert Perrott. She is among this season's débutantes

Lafayette

THE HON. JOYCE MONTAGU
The only daughter of Lord and Lady Swaythling, who is to be presented at Court

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

I LIKE THE SPRING BECAUSE :—

Now blackbirds' carols, clear and sweet,
Evoke from adolescent lambs
A pleasantly responsive bleat
That earns faint praises from their dams!

. . .

Because—We can always get peas at any price.

. . .

Because—Gooseberry-fool is in season. ("And now comes in the *sweet* o' the year.")

. . .

Because — Daffodils (like Jonah) "come up smiling."

. . .

I HATE THE SPRING BECAUSE :—

IN the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns him down.

. . .

Because—Girls *will* talk about the prospects of Eton crops and neglect their own sewing.

. . .

Because—Money-lenders remind me it's Lent!

. . .

Because — Spring poets spring their stuff on me.

. . .

Because—I always find it difficult to spring a fiver.

. . .

Because—My spring mattress goes to be renovated.

. . .

Because—I find the handle of my best bat's sprung.

. . .

EXTRACT from the letter of a prisoner who was recently remanded :—"Dear Polly, I will write more fully as soon as I get time ——."

"IT is a source of much satisfaction (writes a scribe) that Mr. Perrin has been elected to the English Cricket Selection Committee." The "sauce" would be still more piquant if Mr. Lea could be co-'opted to serve with Mr. Perrin.

. . . . . .

THE only melancholy thought that occurs to us in connection with the visit of the Australian cricketers is the number of stump speeches which are certain to be delivered by journalistic experts.

. . . . . .

A WIRELESS enthusiast has just christened his infant "Ariel." It was once recorded of a father that he called his first-born "Macbeth"—because he "murdered sleep."

. . . . . .

THIS WEEK'S WAIL :—It is poor consolation for a pedestrian, who has narrowly escaped, to know that a motor car is within reach of us all.

A LONDONER, who has spent twenty years abroad, says that there is very little change in our London hotels. It is quite true. Hand any waiter a pound note for a four-shilling lunch, and there is very little change.

. . .

A SCIENTIST declares that chronic rheumatism, apart from its being one of the most painful diseases, is conducive to crime.

As painfully bad as a tumour 'tis,
If you get a bad bout of the "rheumatiz";
Moreover, it leads
To a lot of dark deeds,
Or, at least, a most prevalent rumour 'tis!

. . . . . .

THERE is a rumour that the Bill, designed partially to abolish Prohibition in America, stands an excellent chance of acceptance. If that should happen, probably there won't be a dry eye in the country.

. . . . . .

"EXCUSH me, but can you tell me which is the lef'-hand side of this bally street?"

"Sorry, ol' f'la; but I'm a stranger in these parts."

. . .

AN interesting Bridge problem has been propounded to us. A leads the ace of diamonds. A's partner, who has seven of that suit, trumps the ace and promptly returns a small diamond. At the end of the hand, A's partner vigorously defends his revoke, whereupon A stabs him twice under the fifth rib. Query—Would any jury convict?

. . .

When asked to explain her longevity,
Mrs. Tompkins retorted with brevity,
"Beer, Whisky and Rum,
Port, Sherry and Mumm,
And *Breakfast*, and *Lunch* and *a heavy Tea!*"

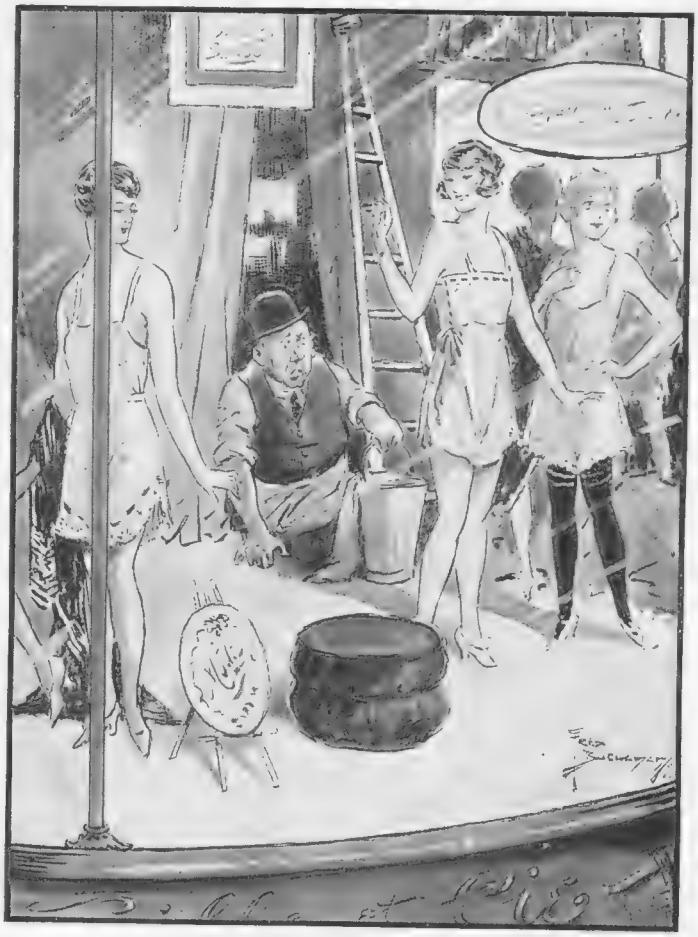
. . .

"I HEAR your cook has rather an amorous disposition."

"Yes. If she can't get up a flirtation with the milkman, she starts mashing the potatoes."

. . .

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT :—No, the phrase, "Côte d'Azur," has no reference at all to the Blue Coat School.



BY FRED BUCHANAN

WAXING NERVOUS

THE NEW WINDOW CLEANER (*rather startled*): "Sorry, ladies!"

Shakespeare Illustrated

BY A. D. PHOENIX

"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA"

HAIL, SPRING!

By Gordon Beckles. *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

"Won't it be just too sweet?"

HAIL, Spring! My attention has just been drawn, as we great men invariably affirm, to two seasonable fashion items. They are:—(*a*) "Man Dominates Woman's Dress Designs"; and (or, but) (*b*) "Men's Clothes May Be Brighter."

What does this really mean? Does it not register the return stroke of the pendulum, the revolt of the feminine? As I write, millions of wives, their imaginations fired by the dastardly thought, may be planning the greatest sartorial sensation in history. Their watchword is:—"If Man rules the Rue de la Paix, may we not capture Savile Row?"

"For the elderly business gent"

Of course, this is only my interpretation of a potentially appalling situation. Yet I have just sounded Patricia on the question with ominous results. Her verbatim reply follows herewith:—"Oh, won't it be just *too* sweet? Why, I could make over all last season's frocks for you. You'd look simply lovely at Ascot in crushed strawberry taffeta and a carnation pink hat!"

Oxford trousers, plus-fours . . . we live in an age of sartorial surprises. Just listen to a few random suggestions for:

"PRINTEMPS, 1926."

Compiled by the Special Committee of the Woman's Dress Freedom League.

FOR THE ELDERLY BUSINESS GENT.—Although this creation is made in outsize measurements, the flares and *godets* are so cleverly placed that a youthful slenderising line is achieved. Made in black satin, with wine-coloured waistcoat, grey striped trousers, and frilled shirts and cuffs.

FOR EVENING WEAR.—Close-fitting, double-breasted tail coat in almond-green satin, tight sleeves, and a yoke of *bois-de-rose crêpe de Chine*. Trousers buttoning down the side, with Little Lord Fauntleroy vest of flowered beige. Inverted pleats at side give slight fulness for dancing.

FOR LE GOLF.—Comfy blue stockinette plus-elevens, reaching to ankle; charming little "Middy" jacket in raspberry red, cornflower, heliotrope, and rust (or shrimp). Neat *cloche* hat, with blinkers, in silver and terra cotta.

FOR "LE FIVE O'CLOCK."—Box-pleated pantaloons, with panel bodice in soft shades to tone. Natty flared coat with tucked waist in checked pattern, with rose inserts. Pipe and cigar *cachet* in pink satin.

FOR THE PARK WEAR.—Morning coat of apricot velvet on silvered tissue, the lining of apricot georgette with cuffs and collar of dyed fox. The sleeves rather tight at the top, but becoming wider and wider. Trousers cut to knee with kilted frills and pink stockings, grey-upper button boots and painted handkerchief. A single ostrich feather in top-hat giving tone to pink parasol or carved enamelled stick. A small beaded purse may be worn at the waist.

. . . . . .

This may give you some slight conception of what one can expect if this "Brighter Clothes For Men" movement is allowed to slip into the eager hands of women. The underlying motive, I gather, is that our clothes will be chosen for us effectively to contrast with the female fashion of the moment.

What a new vista for social gossip writers!

"Lady Helena Boodles was supping at the Bow-Wow last night"

"The March sunshine tempted many men of fashion out of doors yesterday in Spring garb. I ran into Lord Blowchump strolling down Bond Street wearing a divine creation in pale heliotrope taffeta, with crinolined waist. The *chic* touch was given by his cigar, also heliotrope, with a scarlet band. 'I get them wrapped especially at Daudet's,' he told me, confidentially."

Or such fragments as this:—

"Lady Helena Boodles was supping at the Bow-Wow last night. She had her husband, Captain Bertie Boodles of the Coldcreams, dressed in rose-tinted trousers with orange-red coat, to tone with his light-red moustache, forming a complete colour scheme."

"For Le Golf"

Hail, Spring! "The changing colours of thy garments bring us joy" . . . perhaps!

BY BLAM

THE COMING OF SPRING

IN THE SPRI

BY NORMAN KEENE

PRINGTIME—1926

Golf Terms Illustrated

BY TONY CASTLE

A BAD "MISS"

SOME PARIS NIGHTS

THE LITTLE INTIMATES

No. III. By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrated by BERT WILSON

"A little intimate place, cosily familiar"

THERE will come a night in Paris when you will revolt emphatically from the putting on of evening clothes, and the sallying forth *en prince* with a wad of 100-franc notes wherewith to dine in the purple and to be jostled on a dance floor amid a babel of gilt-edged tongues.

So you will spurn with contumely the glare of Montmartre, and you will spend the evening sagely among the little intimates which lie snugly off the lower boulevards, with tweeds on your body (or a coat and skirt) and a seraphic content in your heart. And oh, the galaxy of choice! Dozens of little intimate places are there, waiting coyly upon your behests—each one more cosily familiar (without being rude) than the last.

"I want a French dinner: among the *French,*" goes up the cry from the jaded cosmopolitan. "I am sick of all these hybrid tribes that infest Paris. . . ."

Well, here is one, *L'Escargot D'Or,* in the Rue St. Denis. A tiny place. The tables benched in, redolent rather of some of our old London chop-houses as to that, but in no other respect. Everything is utterly simple and unpretentious, except the food, which is sumptuous. Do not bother about the wine list, although the *patron's* cellar is deep, and variegated as to its bins. Wave the *carte* away, and drink the *Mâcon Vieux.* It will give you all the sense of repose and well-being you need. If you are in the terrible position of being a lonely man in Paris without a wife or—er—sister, there is a table here at which you can turn your back upon a mocking world and, to make up for it, frankly gorge.

Efficient Frenchwomen (was there ever a more capable race of women in all the world than the French?) will wait deftly and self-effacingly upon you. Your neighbouring gourmets will tuck their napkins into fat necks and talk rapidly and unceasingly to one another in the *patois,* only a tenth of which you will understand. But you will dine superbly. And there will be such a lot of change out of one of those *billets de cents* at the smiling end of it all.

Or at *Le Bœuf Sur Le Toît,* in the Rue Boissy d'Anglais, a stone's throw from the Madeleine. There is no beef on the roof: very much the contrary. But they like to call it that, and why shouldn't they? "*Le Bœuf*" leads a double life. This is the place to bring the lady who says, "Don't let's dress to-night, darling one; just you and me somewhere, *you* know: m'm?" It must be delicious to bring her here when she says things like that (I do envy the fellows who have experienced this), because it is little and intimate and cosy; and yet gay and palpitating with reckless life that does not ponder gloomily on the dirge of a to-morrow.

"*L'Escargot D'Or* is a tiny place with benched-in tables"

Light mahogany-and-cream walls, with little saucy fairy lamps all around the ceiling. Sofa seats with cushions: pale lemon shades on the table lamps, the squat bowl of the lamp-holder being of glass containing clear water, in which fat Pompeian-red goldfish loiter. How the women love that! And what tales these fish could tell! They nose about their bowls under what looks like a splash of spring sunlight, listening, one imagines, to the tale that is being told this time at their table—the old, old tale. And yet how illuminatingly you can tell it in these surroundings! It is the TRUTH . . . or at any rate you feel that it is; and she believes you, to-night, poor darling.

Doucet, the Belgian, who has been decorated for his playing in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, croons on the piano throughout that very nearly but not quite *tête-à-tête* dinner. She says it is " divine "—meaning you. So you scarcely even glance at the bill (much too busy), and you need not, for *Le Bœuf* will not impoverish you: and there has been no need to drink the eternal champagne here.

After a lingering, dangerously intimate coffee you pass through into the double life of *Le Bœuf*, which is a *café négligé* next door. Black, white, old gold and Chinese blue are its colourings, with little jewelled lamps in the ceiling. Here you must conform to the entirely French atmosphere, and sit amidst a host of others and chatter and smoke, and watch the *chic*, naughty faces of the entirely respectable ladies; and drink beer if you wish. Or lounge at the bar, at ease in every sense of body and mind.

Huge mirrors on the walls make the room look big. In reality it is quite small; and although an attempt is made to dance to Doucet's lovely jazz time up to 11, it soon becomes impossible after that hour. Tables conjured from nowhere begin to encroach on all the floor space—who cares? In they swarm, and in, and still more. Evening clothes and orders: plus fours: flannels: any old thing, or any new. Everyone is thoroughly at home and happy. The neutral-coloured curtains over the doors block out completely the empty wet streets and all the drabness of life.

But on, for it is past midnight, to another little intimate, famous by name the world over, but never, perhaps, visited by you. The real *Chez Fischer*; not the least like the pompous imitation we had in London a season or so ago. Behind these closed white shutters men and women have become famous; and famous women and highly talented men still sing and play to you in that bare little room every night.

Madame Strœva is their bright particular star: that handsome, stern woman with all the illusions of life, it seems, wiped from her face as from a slate by the agonies of her country's disintegration. Of marble is her mien as she sits there in the semi-dark in cold black with a mere splash of red scarf at her neck and a white flower at her breast But when she sings and thrums her guitar most men are moved, and all women, though her Russian is beyond their ken. It does not matter! her compelling, mysterious personality dominates them all.

There are others of this pathetic, merry little band of high-grade artistes. You will be laughing one minute: on the point of gulping back tears the next. Clamorous for an encore after every song, recital, mimicry, violin solo, speech. In no room of such wee dimensions anywhere in Europe, and, I doubt, the world, will you find such a diversity of creatures, so wide a field of talent, as here.

It is past two before you go: and matters *Chez Fischer* are at their height even then. Whither away? Bed? Unthinkable! The pulse of your Paris night is only now beginning to beat a regular, vigorous rhythm. The little intimates open wide their friendly, democratic doors to you here and there, and there again, with that *élan* and that *joie* we heavy, insular English cannot imitate at two in the morning with any measure of success. We can only admire, and pay, and come again. And we seem to be doing that in ever-increasing numbers during our Paris Nights.

"Matters *Chez Fischer* are at their height"

To Our Readers Abroad

The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of The Bystander in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

A Welcome Invader

Edward Thayer Monroe

MISS ELIZABETH HINES

The chief American ingredient in "Charles B. Cochran's Revue, 1926" an International mixture which is far from being "the mixture as before!" Manchester gets its first dose this week and from all accounts, will find it easy to take

Sporting Fixtures from North and

Sport and General.

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

The Scottish and Irish Hockey Elevens photographed before the International Match at Inverness. Scotland won by 2 goals to 1.

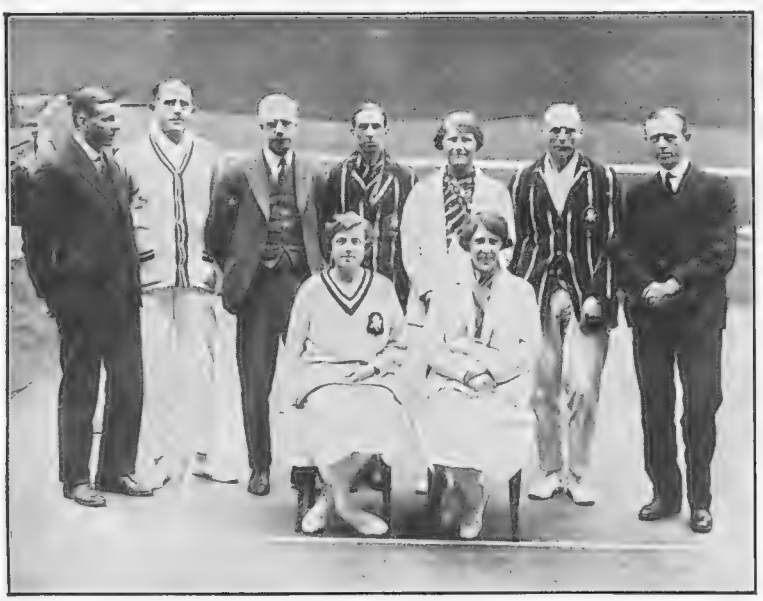
BOXING CHAMPIONS

The Manston Boxing Team which has won the Championship Cup of the Royal Air Force for the second year in succession. They met the Henlow team in the final

Sport and General.

"PASSING" EVENTS!

Lieut. A. T. Young (Army) getting the ball away from the scrum during the Inter-Services Match at Twickenham. The Army beat the Navy by 24 points to 10



Photographs A VICTORY FOR ENGLAND *Sport and General.*

The English Team (left) which beat the Scottish Team (right) in the International Badminton Match at the Royal Horticultural Hall. The English Team included F. Hodge, A. K. Jones, Sir G. A. Thomas, R. du Roveray, P. D. Macfarlane, H. S. Uber Mrs. Tragett, Miss V. Elson and Mrs. Horsley. Scotland's representatives were H. E. B. Nielson, H. P. Beckett J. B. Blair H. G. Mackintosh K. Smellie, E. R. Butcher, Miss K. Cochrane, Miss Macdonald and Miss Macfarlane.

South Recorded by the Camera

ON THE TAPE

A photograph taken at the Cambridge Sports at Fenner's, Cambridge, showing C. F. N. Harrison (Trinity) on the right, winning the 100 yards race

Photographs

A ROYAL GREETING

The King shaking hands with the Army "Rugger" team before their match against the Navy, which took place recently at Twickenham. The Inter-Services matches are always keenly contested and this is the third year in succession in which the Army has been victorious.

Sport and General.

HOME!

E. H. Fryer (Jesus College) winning the Half Mile race in the Cambridge Sports held recently at Fenner's, Cambridge

The Co-ordinator

BY DAVID WILSON

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK SYKES, M.P.

Who is calling for an inquiry into the question of how best to bring about the co-ordination of the Fighting Forces. He also calls for the formation of a Joint Executive General Staff

The STRAWS OF YESTER-YEAR.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings.

Illustrated by ALFRED LEETE

It is a pity for a thousand reasons that men do not re-clothe themselves for each season. The benefit to health and spirits, apart from anything else, would be enormous. An adoption of a definite Spring attire on a certain date would, I claim, make us behave in a Spring-like manner.

Let Summer come, and we would be seen basking in a special Summer suit. Something warm in hue and texture would be appropriate for the season of mellowed fruits, and in Winter there is already the uniform of the overcoat. But it is not at the beginning of Winter that we are so much in need of a new mood. The decisive moment of the year for a season-change is at the coming of Spring, and I think that the adoption at such a time of clothes that looked Spring-like would have some charming and delectable results.

Once we were conscious of this Spring necessity and put on a straw hat. True, it was the straw hat of the Summer before, and we did not buy our new straw hat till satisfied that the new Summer was really with us. But, though saffron of hue and somewhat faded of ribbon, that straw hat was a portent of the Spring and men loved it for what it represented.

You can remember, of course, if you read newspapers in the first fourteen years of this century, how ecstatic journalists would record the first appearance of the straw hat. They were right to put such a thing in the papers, because our hearts leapt at the sight of it, and we bethought ourselves of the "straw" upstairs and the sunny occasions for wearing it that were about to be enjoyed.

Why the war killed the straw hat I can only guess. There were two kinds of straw hat, if you remember. One was very expensive and was called a Panama, and the other could be had at any price from a shilling upwards. That makes you gasp, but it is true. A quite decent-looking straw hat of the species foolishly called "boater" could be bought for a shilling in lowly neighbourhoods. Few people paid more than half-a-crown for their annual straw hat.

I suppose the explanation of our old friend's disappearance is two-fold. The young who survived the war had not the lightness of heart that its wearing seemed to demand. I think, in the war, we got to leaving the job of wearing cheer-up clothes to the women. Then the young men of to-day who should form the bulk of the present straw-hat army have not been broken in to wearing it. They scarcely saw it during the war because it was inappropriate wear for times of sorrow. Moreover, a civilian in a straw hat looked like a slacker. In a cap he might at least be taken for a munition worker.

"Was very expensive and was called a Panama"

Having missed the common spectacle of the straw hat, and so never having become inured to it, the modern young man regards it with alarm. We were sheep-like in our fashions in our youth, and we must not complain if our sons are sheep-like. They shrink from headwear which on the occasions of their seeing it seemed foolish and inappropriate.

This, I submit, is a very great pity. I admit that I do not now wear a straw "boater," but I am aware that I should be a much brighter, heartier and more spritely person if I did. It may have a comic appearance, but is that not true also of, say, the tail coat? In the matter of clothing it is not appearance that counts, but the effect on the spirit. Let a modest, timorous man put on a well-cut tail coat, and he can talk even to great men in the advertising world without a blush or a knocking of the knees. Let the morose, the churlish and the pessimistic be compelled by custom to put on straw hats at the coming of the daffodil and the narcissus, and they will amaze by their sweet temper and sportiveness. Take the silk hat from the head of a funeral mute, substitute a straw hat, and the wearer will become positively jaunty.

Here we are in the Spring of 1926, and you cannot tell me that we have made any genuine attempt to echo Nature. The lambkins are here and the spring onions are leaping eagerly from their beds, but we are not doing our bit. We of the male sex, I blush to write, are still wearing our winter clothes.

Now you are ready to take me up.

"What other clothes can we be expected to wear? The new is for woman. Are you in the habit of paying taxes? Who would not wear a new Spring suit if he were in the fortunate position of having money for more than one on and one off?" Well, I cannot pretend that it is reasonable to ask all to adopt suddenly an entirely new costume, but when my plan is explained I think you will see that I do not write from a snobbish angle, and that I have the poor, to which class I belong, as much in my mind's eye as the rich.

All that is needed to give you that Spring-like feeling are two garments. One should be a pair of baggy pantaloons of a bright colour and made of quite cheap and thin material, seeing that they would be worn over your ordinary trousers. The other should be a tunic which could be striped, spotted or covered with chess-board squares. Almost any colour would do for the tunic, but for the pantaloons I would suggest a vivid green. On the head should be worn a skull-cap, which can be made from artificial silk or stockinette. I vow that the entire outfit could be procured for under ten shillings, and moreover could be used at the coming of Spring for several years in succession.

"It may have a comic appearance"

My design has not the simplicity of the straw hat, but it is no good pleading for the dead. The live and quick will not listen. Perhaps some of the cheerier youths will surmount their skull-caps with a miniature of the old straw boater, and on this ridiculous symbol they can disport their college colours.

To what good will be all this dressing-up? My claim is that the pleasant spectacle will be balm for tired eyes and will inspire lagging hearts. The Spring-clad lads will frolic, play upon pipes in Piccadilly, make love and prepare sets of verses. The elderly will catch the infection and will execute reels on the top of omnibuses, and sword-dances, or, rather, umbrella-dances, in the centre refuges of the London circuses. Policemen will tie ribbons to their helmets, and judges and barristers will pass from the Temple to the Law Courts with fillets of gilden riband around their wigs.

The straw hat will not have died in vain.

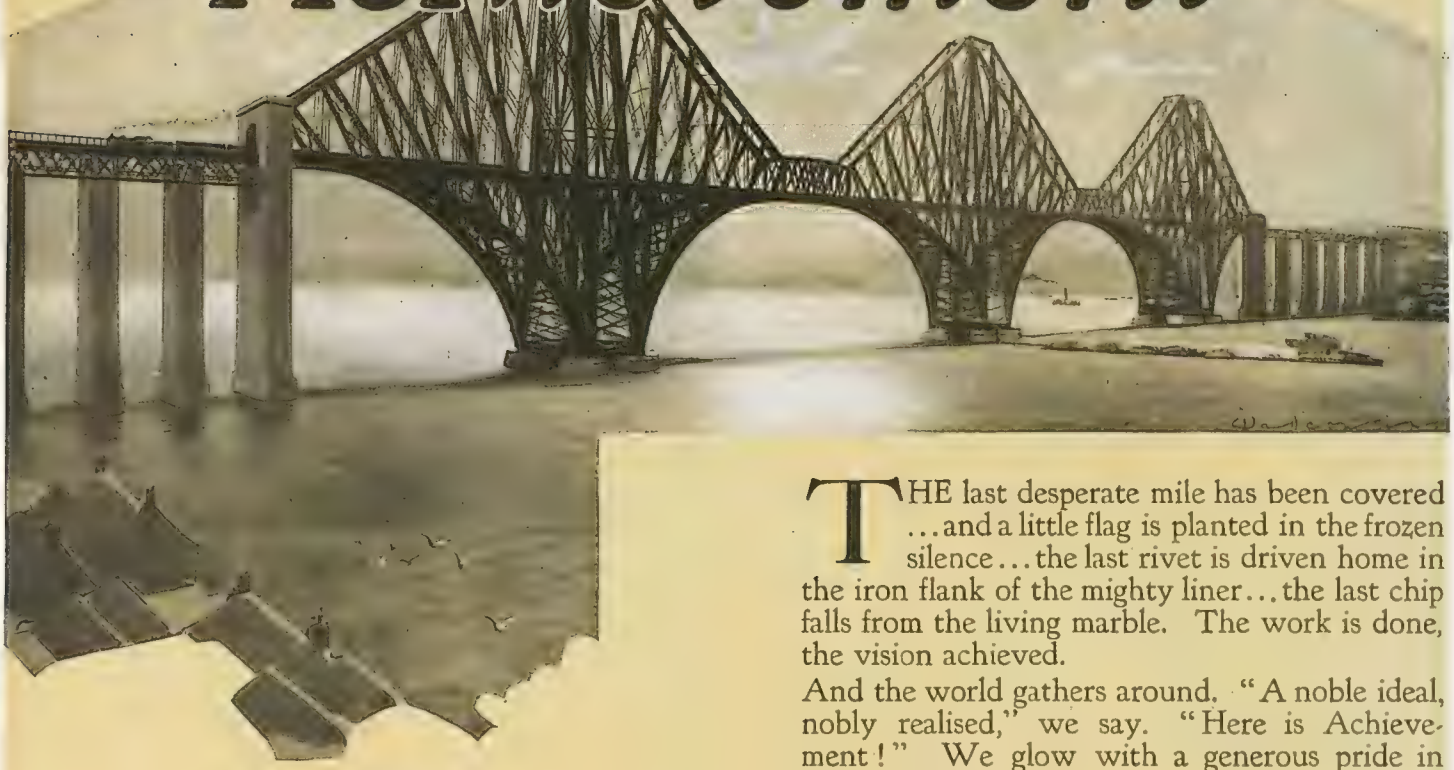
By Fred Buchanan

THE 'PLANE TRUTH

The Lady: "Well, how do you feel after your first trip?"
The Timid Passenger: "Down and out, thank goodness!"

ACHIEVEMENT

Achievement



THE last desperate mile has been covered ... and a little flag is planted in the frozen silence ... the last rivet is driven home in the iron flank of the mighty liner ... the last chip falls from the living marble. The work is done, the vision achieved.

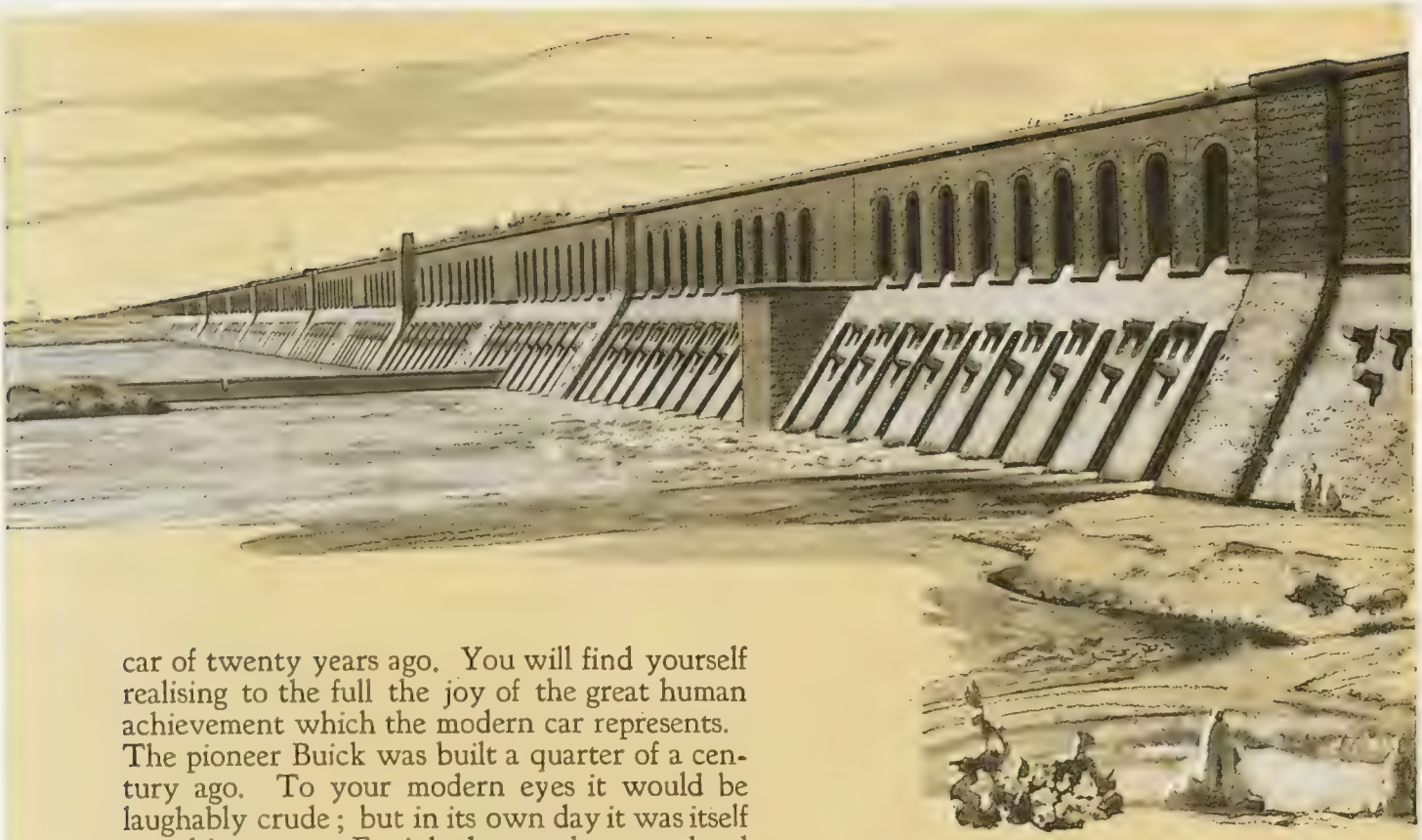
And the world gathers around. "A noble ideal, nobly realised," we say. "Here is Achievement!" We glow with a generous pride in the work of another.

For though we may not ourselves have been beckoned to the accomplishment of great things, we have, at least, our day-dreams, in which we plan greatly, strive mightily, and achieve gloriously. Thus we are of the brotherhood of Achievement; we know of the toils that go before triumph, we share the pride of the achievement—because we *understand*.

Do we realise how often, in our everyday doings, even in our personal possessions, we share Achievement in one form or another; how often we unconsciously share its pride?

Certainly, much of the joy of owning or driving a Buick springs from that source.

Take your seat at the wheel of the 1926 Buick and allow your mind to dwell upon the motor



car of twenty years ago. You will find yourself realising to the full the joy of the great human achievement which the modern car represents.
The pioneer Buick was built a quarter of a century ago. To your modern eyes it would be laughably crude; but in its own day it was itself an achievement. For it had, even then, overhead valves; and the principle it thus established is gradually receiving universal acceptance.
Look now at your modern Buick, choosing for preference the end of a long, swift and steady run. You have covered many miles, you feel no trace of driving fatigue. The steady, rhythmic purr of the engine has soothed you with its confident note of resistless, unfailing power. Your calls for speed were answered with a sort of boyish enthusiasm, as if the Buick itself shared your joy in a glorious burst. You "strolled" in top gear when traffic was thick. You stopped with swift certainty when emergency called for the brakes. You thrill as you regard a car that is so much a part of you—the driver.
And you realise that the beauty of the Buick is no super-added quality. It is the beauty that comes with the realisation of all ideals—the beauty of the original conception, expressed in the finished Achievement.

It's a relief to drive a Buick

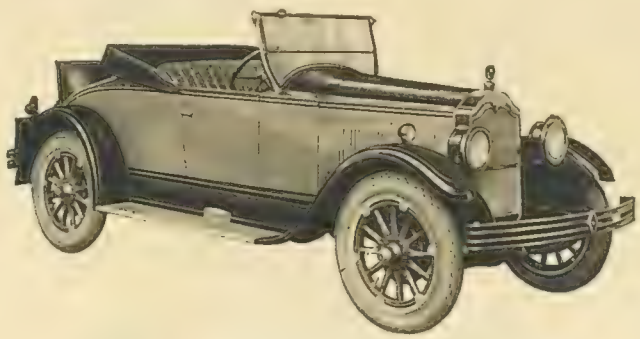
Built in Oshawa Canada.

CANADA

Every purse and purpose is suited in the Buick Range

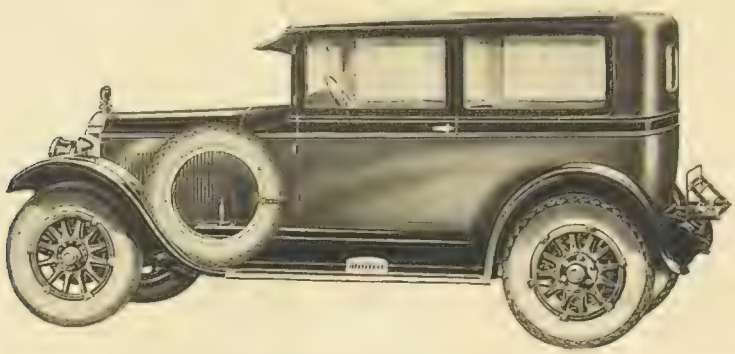
THE twelve Buick models are designed to cover the whole range of motoring needs from roomy Pullman luxury to smart two-seater handiness.

With this announcement Buick makes an important contribution to national economy in the new price reductions shown on this page. These reductions are the result of the fixed Buick policy. First, quality. Next, a searching investigation of every factor of cost, and the application of all the advantages afforded by so vast an organisation for the reduction of price. The present reductions are made possible by the tremendous public support which is being accorded to the Buick everywhere.



The Country Club Roadster

The reliability of the Country Club Roadster is an accepted standard amongst those who travel fast and far. Its utter comfort is a thing to be grateful for upon long journeys. Its ease of control makes it the ideal car for the lady driver. The price is now reduced by £29. New price £370.



The Dominion 2-Door Saloon

The dignity and luxury of the Dominion 2-Door Saloon is making it increasingly popular with those whose social engagements are many and important. Its thoroughbred behaviour matches its appearance. The price is now reduced by £40. New price £455.

New Buick Prices

20/58 H.P.		25/75 H.P.	
Country Club Roadster	£370	*Master Tourer*	£475
Majestic Tourer	£375	*Ambassador Saloon*	£625
Dominion 2-door Saloon	£455	*Monarch 7-seater Tourer*	£575
Empire 4-door Saloon	£525	*Pullman 7-seater Limousine*	£775
Viceroy Coupe	£485	*Prince Sports Tourer*	£777
Landaulet (Open Drive)	£575	*Landaulet (Open Drive)*	£735

The Book of the British Empire Buick

We shall be pleased to send you a copy on request. The twelve Buick models are beautifully illustrated in the natural colours, and the special features which are responsible for the splendid Buick efficiency and reliability are photographically illustrated and described. This book will bring you right up to date on modern car construction.

GENERAL MOTORS LTD EDGWARE ROAD THE HYDE LONDON NW9

Keeping the House Bright

BY HYNES

MISS VIOLET CARLSON

who appears as Gretchen, the maid in "The Student Prince" at His Majesty's Theatre, is an actress who is possessed of all the robust humour of a Louie Freear or Daphne Pollard, and her performance does much to add to the brightness of the show

"This Freedom" in the Shires

MRS. ARCHIBALD SMITH AND MRS. STRAWBRIDGE (mounted)

VIOLET DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

LADY WODEHOUSE (mounted) AND MRS. DE BRATH

Photographs *L.N.A.*

MR. WILSON, LADY PETERSHAM AND MRS. BURNABY (right)

The Quorn met recently at Old Dalby Hall, for the first time since the stoppage of hunting caused by foot-and-mouth disease. Unfortunately, only moderate sport was enjoyed

"Ladies' Day" at East Knoyle

Alfieri
THE FIELD TAKING ONE OF THE JUMPS

Sport and General
LADY JEAN DOUGLAS-HAMILTON ON "CAVALIER"

Sport and General
MISS E. JENNER GETS HER NUMBER—GIVEN!

Alfieri
MRS. I. BELL, THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' RACE

Alfieri
LADY MAINWARING SADDLING UP BEFORE THE RACE

A camera selection from the South and West Wilts Hunt Point-to-Point races at East Knoyle, showing the distaff side well to the fore

A Day out with the Ladies

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrated by CUNINGHAM

A POPULAR misconception exists among members of the golfing public that the average golf Professional leads an ideal kind of existence. To some people, especially to those who have not been playing the game long enough to hate the whole bally business, but who have got the fever badly, the Pro. seems to them to live in a sort of seventh heaven. Does he not actually live on those gorgeous links? In a snug little cottage, from the bedroom windows of which he can get a glimpse of the 9th green in the sunny early mornings. Has he not racks of glittering clubs, with any one of which he can go and smite the ball out of sight and at almost any time he chooses? Or if not perfectly satisfied with any of his "specially selected, made in Scotland," turn himself out another after his own heart on the adjoining bench? Does not the consistently high standard of his game give him such a cast-iron certainty for at least a couple of "birdies" during any round he plays, that he is removed beyond the pessimisms and acute depressions of ordinary golfing mortals? Do not dukes adopt a deferential tone to him on the tee? Does not the bright, particular star of the theatrical firmament, when she is not rehearsing or being photographed, spend marvellous minutes alone with him in his shop, smiling devastatingly and saying, "It *is* sweet of you, Jimmy, to spend all this time over a dud like me. I think you're a perfect pet!"

Oh! a great life, the golf Pro.'s—in our opinion.

But he doesn't always think so. There is another side of the glittering medal, he will tell you—a very dull side, too. Take the morning, for instance, when he wants badly to do several jobs indoors that ought to have been done a week ago. This is invariably a morning when he sees through the shop window (and his heart sinks at the sight of it) the arrival of the limousine of Mrs. Embongpurong, the Gusher, whose husband is on the Committee, and who is always telling you so.

This lady sails in, all smiles, with a proprietory air, and says, "Ah! good morning, McKillicuddie. Can I have a lesson, please?" Sometimes he can reply, with a wan smile, "I'm sorry, but I'm engaged this morning"—and then disappears rapidly into the coal-shed with a cigarette, until she is over the horizon with somebody else. But in her case, well, husbands on a sticky Committee: *you* know.

Invariably he has to say, also with that wan smile which is a perfect cloak for a Pro's real feelings, "Certainly, with pleasure: a lovely morning, isn't it?" And therewith he proceeds to a deserted stretch of fairway with *all* her futile clubs and half-a-dozen balls to attend the ritual of the Embongpurong egoism and chatter.

There is, one hopes, an extreme latitude allowed in the hereafter for golf professionals' tarradiddles to their

"Spend marvellous minutes alone with him"

feminine pupils. The dogma has become more or less standardised now. It runs somewhat on these lines (the italics representing the wretched man's real thoughts during the ordeal):—

"Y-es: that's quite a nice swing: inclined to be a shade snatched: but you've certainly improved *that* shot. [*She'll never hit a ball more than forty yards if she lives to be ninety.*] . . . That's good: very good: a perfect golfing shot. [*She won't hit another like that for a fortnight.*]. . . . I shall make a good golfer of you yet. [*Hope she won't tell anyone that: but I'm afraid she will: they all do.*"] . . . And so on, through the interminable half-hour. And all for 7*s.* 6*d.* Would you like that? Have you the stoic calm, and the patience, you thrusting golfer?

But life has its compensations, even for the golf Pro. One of their most halcyon days it seems to me, who have watched all these and envied, is the day when the Pro., equipped with the lady of his choice, departs for a day out with her—this year to that delightful Addington Course—to battle, with her, against all the other Pros. round London for the BYSTANDER Trophy. There is no grave responsibility, such as usually attends his battles with the fraternity. Because if he loses—well, "we weren't putting very well to-day, either of us. . . ."

Usually, however, having been picked very carefully from a number of very-eligibles, she is a golfer of no mean order. She may not hit very far. But she hits very straight; and in the crisp, effortless way he likes to see her hit in public (for, of course, he taught her); and she concentrates instead of chattering: and she abides by the laws of competition play: and she "comes in" at the psychological moment for winning a hole: and she doesn't get rattled when one is—unexpectedly dropped. And when she touches mediocrity for a shot or two his brilliance covers her errors and omissions. So that at the end of a useful round, and card, he is a hellofafellow.

If I were a golf Pro., the day of all days that I should look forward to would be the BYSTANDER Trophy day, in the mixed foursomes. When I should be playing in public, against all my competitors in business, with the pick of my particularly bright basket. The only drawback in my case, I am afraid, would be that I should lose my head, and buttonhole some man I hated, hissing in his ear in the bar, "Yah—what about *mine*, m'm?" . . .

But the golf Pro. is a perfect gentleman at all times and in all places.

"Sparkle, sparkle, Worthington,"
Don't you wonder how it's done?
It's just the very best of hops,
Malt from choicest barley crops,
Water from the Burton rill,
Brewing of exceeding skill.
Sparkle, sparkle, Worthington,
Now you know the way it's done.

IF SPRING COMES—

By BLANCHETTE Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Desire in the heart for new hats"

LONDON, *March* 15.

DEAR COUSIN—

WHO was it said, "If Spring comes can Winter be far behind?" Not Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, I'm sure, or even Mr. Shakespeare, because they're both really *au fond* sentimentalists, though, of course, one of them (I shan't say which) is perhaps a bit greater than the other in his own particular way. A cynic, anyway, of some sort, or nasty, rough, rude, practical person, it must have been; with one of those masculine minds that see the literal side of things with such devastating clearness, thus often missing a proper view of the wood, as the saying goes, what?

卐

THERE'S a whisper, whatever happens, running through those woods just now, a soft significant whisper that grows stronger and stronger, even when frosts and showers and other lingering powers of evil do their very dashedest to drown it, and wipe it off the map. Not only in the mere literal woods either, though there, of course, you hear it loudest, as the exquisite little leaf-shoots grow ever more brightly tender-green, and little flowerets push their blue or golden noses out above the warm wet turf.

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AND even the hardened golfer on the links raises his eye, perhaps, for a moment from the strait path of duty, and tears his gaze from the tees, and fairways, and bunkers, and greens, and things, that are ordinarily his whole exciting and tormenting world, to cast at least a glance at the surrounding landscape and catch a glimpse of that softly whispering Spirit. Discovers, just for one second, the trees and growing things hard by his place of penance—I mean arena of joy—and doesn't even grouse half so much as usual at the birds that *will* start singing and chattering just as he's about to propel hole-wards that vital and epoch-making putt. . . .

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NOR even in densest Bond or Oxford Street, or the thickest throng at Ciro's, or the packedest first night, is the voice of good old Pan (said she poetically) altogether unheard. Several times in the last few days, even in the very busiest moments of shopping or dancing, I've actually seen several people quite genially and joyfully smile. . . . A phenom. not too frightfully frequently observed in the whole-hearted pursuit of pleasure *or* biz in this London of ours, and don't you make any mistake about it.

卐

SO, I suppose, to judge by all these signs and portents, not to mention certain wild and vague flutterings of desire in the heart for new hats . . . and things, I really do positively and honestly believe that somewhere in the back or rather fore ground there must lurk or flit, veiled and elusive, but always there, that fascinating, appealing, ever-delightful figure of Spring. Spring that, unlike the other seasons, never grows old or tired, but even at its end just gently and imperceptibly steals away into even better things. . . . But enough of this poetical talk (so to speak), and, anyway, it's the mere first and earliest *soupçon* of a beginning that's on the *tapis* just now, and no such things as ends anywhere even remotely in sight.

"Nice things just at your elbow"

卐

DON'T quite know why it is, by the way, but somehow in the Spring the young man's, not to mention young woman's, fancy somehow seems to turn to thoughts of — food. Shade on the unpoetic side, but can't be helped, especially as these matters seem to be positively particularly thrust upon us just now, what with all the talk there is about this gross and mundane, but always attractive, subject. And when it isn't food it's no-food, as *e.g.* and *par exemple,* in this strange and wonderful feat of Lady Fisher's, the now celebrated Fasting Lady.

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TO live for forty days and more on orange-juice and water—must say there really is something almost fascinatingly Spring-like and ephemeral about the idea, *plus* the Biblical touch—though can't help feeling those forty days ought to have been done in a Wilderness, really, with locusts and wild honey about, and long robes, and sandals, and things. And would have made it so much, much easier, too, out in the desert somewhere—I mean, just think of all the awful difficulties of keeping to your lofty and spiritual programme with all sorts of nice things just at your elbow, so to speak. Exquisite *aloyau de bœuf* or *sole Meunière* or *lobster Newbourg* always lurking round the corner, as you might say, not to mention mere elementary things like joints and chops and steaks.

"The hardened golfer"

卐

MUST say after only thirty-nine days, or possibly twenty-nine, not to say nineteen, or conceivably just nine, might be tempted myself to partake even of the World's Worst Dinner, which might, I suppose, be briefly outlined thus:—

(1) Pea Soup (nice and thick like London mud, with some of

THE CHRYSLER SIX IS DESIGNED AND BUILT TO DEFY LONG YEARS OF HARD TREATMENT

TAKE FOR EXAMPLE just these few typical features from a host of others:

RAW MATERIAL—of the very best. Gears and springs of finest chrome vanadium . . . tubular front axle of chrome molybdenum.

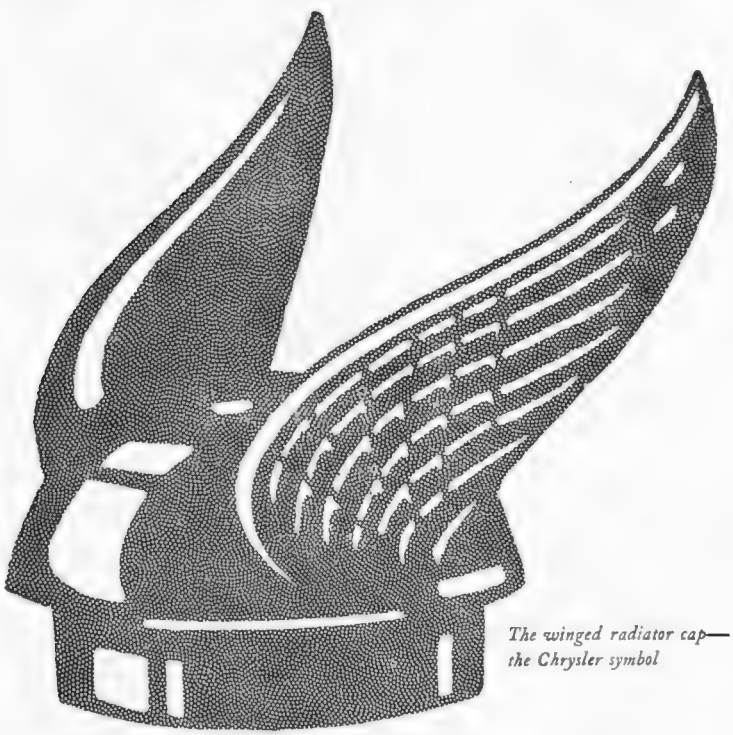
THE WATSON STABILATOR fitted as standard to the Chrysler, is more than a shock absorber. Whereas the ordinary shock absorber exerts the same power of control for every degree of recoil force, the Watson Stabilator is the only device which resists spring recoil *in proportion to* the recoil force.

NO SIDESWAY: Springs placed close to, and parallel to the wheels, play a big part in eliminating sidesway even when rounding corners at high speed. The rigidity of the body, unchallenged by shock or torsion, saves loosened bolts and strained members, and results in long life for the whole car.

TEMPERATURE CONTROL: Nothing tends more quickly to wear out an engine than running it at high speeds or under heavy loads before it has reached its proper working temperature. The Thermostat on the Chrysler dispenses with the services of the radiator until that temperature is reached, thus enabling the engine to warm up in the shortest possible time.

NO VIBRATION: Well over a half of the length of the large diameter crankshaft is occupied by the seven main bearings! This, combined with meticulous balancing of every part—static and dynamic—results in a complete lack of vibration and a consequently long engine life.

WEATHERPROOF FINISH: The Chrysler is finished with Viscolac, a special preparation which will not scratch or chip, looks as good as new at the end of two years, and affords a complete protection to the material beneath. The upholstery in the case of the open models is of genuine heavy leather—another point which makes for the long life of the Chrysler!



The winged radiator cap—the Chrysler symbol

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO CHRYSLER MOTORS LIMITED
CHRYSLER WORKS : MORTLAKE ROAD
KEW GARDENS : SURREY

those dreadful toast dice and a sprinkling of last year's mint).

(2) Boiled Cod with white sauce.

(3) Boiled Mutton with boiled potatoes, and parsnips, and cabbage *à l'Anglaise*.

(4) Tapioca Pudding.

And boiled water to drink with it, or even (Heaven forgive me) milk. Yes, I can positively see myself wolfing even this repulsive meal after—did I say nine days? That was p'raps a shade optimistic. Let's give it two at the very most.

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NOT an earthly, either, of avoiding the same aforesaid arresting topic of food, seeing that in all the public prints we're also simply *forced* to read every morning now just exactly what (*a*) Oxford (*b*) Cambridge is consuming for (1) breakfast, (2) lunch, (3) tea, and (4) dinner. Not immensely exciting perhaps in the ordinary way, these menus wouldn't be, and comparatively few tips to be picked up from them by, say, M. Charles of Claridge's, or M. Soso of the Kitcat, or M. Rizzi of that newish club that sounds rather like the Embassy, but isn't. But immensely reassuring, all the same, to know that these darling young things at any rate aren't being absolutely *starved*—though I must say it seems rather a shame that Oxford's only allowed fish and eggs and grape fruit and toast and marmalade for brekker, while Cambridge, I gather, can simply *wallow* in chops (horrid thought) if it likes.

"All the talk there is about this gross subject"

卐

RATHER a racy season just ahead, by the way, seeing that flat racing starts only a bare week from now to the very day, and there's the great and glorious Grand Nash due next week, too, as ever is. And oh, such a lot of things happening or beginning to happen, I declare I feel all of a dither, as you might say.

> I cannot love the human race—
> I do not like its silly face. . . .

remarked Sir Walter Raleigh (the modern one) once in one of his inspired moments, but all the same when a whole world gets suddenly inspired, as it were, to more or less frivolous action by this subtle and insidious breath of Spring, it's an immensely infectious sort of kind of affair, is not it?

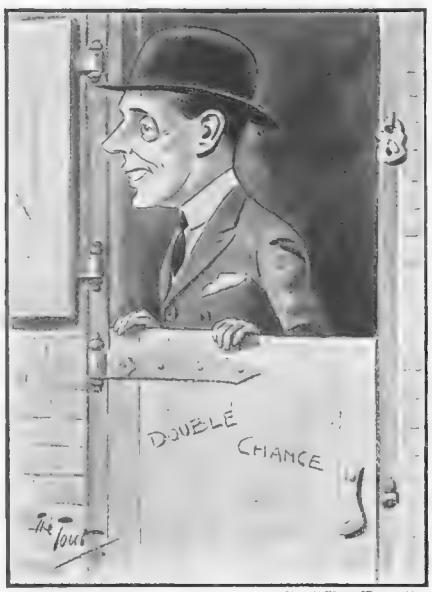
卐

THE early dances have begun, too, in even the very best houses, and dates are being fixed up already right well into May . . . but Heavens! don't let's start looking quite so far ahead. Sufficient for the day's the good thereof, and with soft westerlyish winds playing around, and every hour of the day pledged, who *could* be anything but weakly optimistic? —With love,

Yours ever, BLANCHETTE.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"



BY "THE TOUT"

FRED ARCHER

The owner and trainer of Double Chance, who hopes to repeat last year's Grand National victory with this fine 'chaser

At Cheltenham

ALL the way through the National Hunt Meeting lived up to its reputation as one of the jolliest gatherings of the winter season. Yet some of those who were trying to find winners were not particularly jolly at the end of the first two days, favourites having had a bad time. Still, the gambling which takes place at this fixture is not excessive and would not bring in a very big revenue if taxed. "Oh! Harry is riding in this race. I must have five shillings on his horse!" That is the type of conversation you hear between the events in the club enclosure at Cheltenham. The great majority of the people there are hunting folk who do not go racing regularly, and you will not catch them betting very substantially. Caution was just as well so far as the big event of the meeting was concerned. When Mr. Paterson was congratulated by his friends on the success of Claringo he politely expressed the hope that they had backed the horse. As a fact, there was no special reason why they should have backed him unless from sentiment. Claringo was not fancied a little bit, and even his clever trainer, Max Barthropp, who seldom runs a horse without taking some sort of financial interest in him, did not have a bet this time.

National Horses

IT was interesting to see a number of the National horses in action at Cheltenham. Probably Mr. and Mrs. Dixon were sorry they had changed their minds about allowing Old Tay Bridge to miss his engagement in the Gold Cup. Not only was he beaten, but he returned to the paddock with a nasty cut on his off hind leg. When I spoke to Frank Hartigan about the mishap on the following day he expressed the belief that it would not trouble the horse, but you can be quite sure the Weyhill trainer would have preferred the incident not to have happened. Sprig gave us a regular thrill when he won the big handicap on the concluding day. I am sure all his backers who were watching the race had given up their money as lost less than a quarter of a mile from home. Yet he made a magnificent rally and won after all. It was a splendid trial for the Grand National, and I expect he will now remain a sound favourite for that race. It was a delightful experience for Mrs. Partridge to see her fine horse triumph at Cheltenham, not a great distance from where Sprig was bred.

Grand Military

MEANWHILE the Grand Military meeting will bring the customary huge crowds to Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday. It is satisfactory to know that we shall have an open race for the Gold Cup, always one of the most sporting events of the year. **Clashing Arms** is in pretty good form just now, and though the journey is rather far for him he may just get it in this company. I make him my selection, taking Foxtrot as a second string. **Carryduff** may win the Open Hurdle Race on the same afternoon. On the second day we are promised a grand race for the Imperial Cup. **Hidennis** has a very stiff task for a young horse, but I regard him as a hurdler of much more than usual merit, and I think he has a reasonably good chance of pulling off this big prize.

The glorious health which this pretty little maiden enjoys is greatly due, in her mother's opinion, to "Ovaltine" being her daily beverage.

Little Norah is passing through those growing years of childhood which are of such great importance. Then are laid those foundations of good health which will determine the health to be enjoyed from youth to old age.

During those active growing years one fundamental need must be supplied — adequate and correct nourishment. From food is derived those nutritive elements which build up healthy minds and bodies and give energy and vitality.

Every child needs more nourishment than ordinary food supplies. That need is most abundantly supplied by "Ovaltine"—the delicious food beverage. It is prepared from malt, milk, eggs, and cocoa—the natural foods recognised by the highest authorities as yielding the best nourishment for building up brain, nerves, and body. "Ovaltine" possesses further distinct advantages. Not only is it easily digested, but it is capable of aiding the digestion of three or four times its own weight of ordinary food.

Every child should have delicious "Ovaltine" at meal-times instead of tea, coffee, or other beverages

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

P. 368

Obtainable throughout the British Empire.

Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6 per tin

A. WANDER, Ltd., London, S.W. 7.

Works: King's Langley

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested, and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

Price 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

'OVALTINE' CHOCOLATE

Everyone will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing and sustaining food sweet.

Price 8d. and 1/3 per pkt.

As lovely as the rose

"AFTER my nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream," says Miss Betty Balfour, the famous cinema star, whose complexion is as fresh as the petals of a rose, "the skin of my face, neck and hands seems so deliciously soft and refreshed. I'm sure it is the *regular* cleansing every night which has kept my continual hard work from leaving its mark on my face."

"I am confident," continued Miss Balfour, "that these two creams — Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream — supply the needs of every natural skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives such a lovely finished tone to the complexion the moment it is applied—and does, I sincerely believe, prevent the weather from coarsening the skin and making it rough and red." It is exquisitely scented with Jacqueminot roses.

From all Chemists and Stores. In handsome Opal Jars, **1/3** *and* **2/6.** *In Tubes,* **7½d.** *(for handbag), and* **1/-**, *and (Cold Cream only)* **2/6.**

"To Soothe and Smooth your Skin"

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

TRIAL SAMPLES.

Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 19), 103, St. John Street, E.C.1, will send for 2d. in stamps, for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Creams and Home Massage Chart.

169

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Henry Marx contrives to drag Shakespeare into this red-shirt stuff"

MES AMIS—

ONLY a limited number of persons have occasion to try seriously to measure public taste, but to those who do engage in it it is one of the most entrancing of occupations, packed with pleasure as well as immense possibilities of profit. Most of the general public, undoubtedly, have a vague idea that they know who are the most popular figures of their country, but, more often than not, it is probable that they are off the mark.

I AM confident I should run little risk in wagering at odds of a hundred to one that not five persons in ten thousand would have correctly indicated the most popular figure in France, as revealed by a recent ballot. Dominating the list by a margin that brooks no query is Mme. Curie, principal discoverer along with her husband of radium. This is a real puzzle. The discovery of radium, with all its beneficial possibilities, is a very fine thing, but it was achieved rather a good few years ago, and the memory and gratitude of the public is traditionally supposed to be very short.

HAD it been an affair of science, in the sense of discovery and invention, being foremost in popularity, one would have thought that Prof. Branly would have come out on top as the originator of "wireless," much more to the forefront within the last year or two. Yet Branly, who has been a frequent subject of topical discussion, only makes fourth place, though Mme. Curie has rarely been heard of in the past ten years.

THE one clear indication running unmistakably through the list is that brains have outweighed all other considerations. It would have been natural to expect soldiers to be first favourites in France, but while there are five soldiers among France's twenty "indispensables," three of them are of the chess-master type and none of them of the dashing cavalier style usually regarded as the popular hero, Marshal Foch, the schoolmaster, leading. This is one more confirmation of the view that public judgment and taste is often very much underrated nowadays by the newspapers, which are under the impression that people are interested only in actresses, novelists, boxers, and *divorcées*.

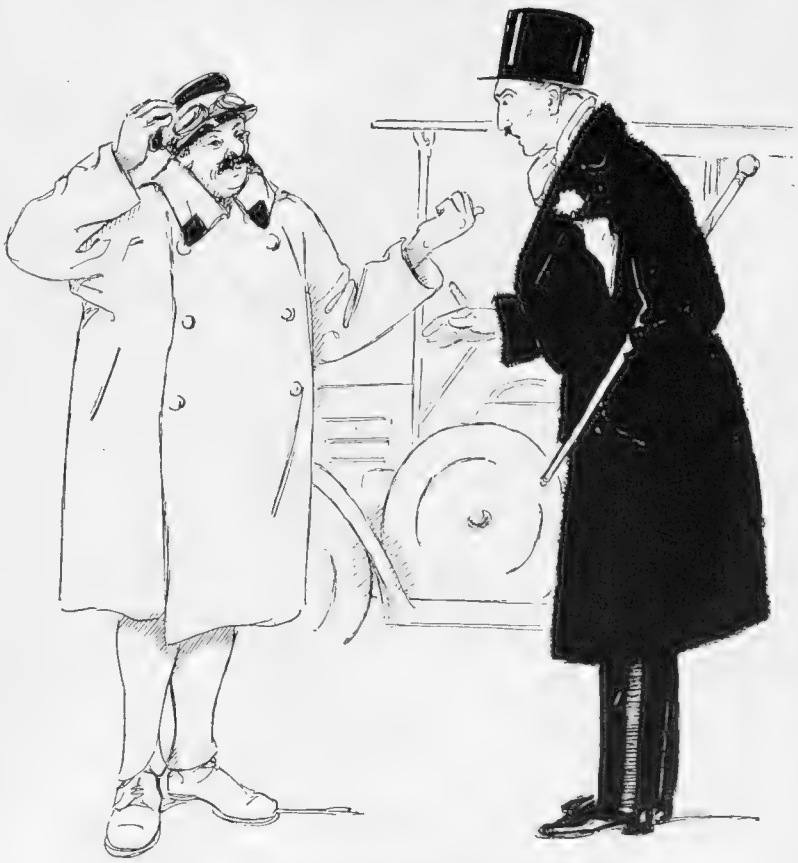
WHERE are our actresses? There is not one of them in the list, not even the brilliant Cécile Sorel, who is a better ambassador of France than many who strut through gilded salons. And our nose-tilted novelists are equally among the unwanted, *les pauvres poissons*, while the one lonely airman has only just crept in at the tail. With the exception of three or four politicians—and these mainly out of harness for a long while—almost all the elected are benefactors of humanity, medically or scientifically. The list of twenty is perhaps a tribute to those who have been included, but it is a far better tribute to French public judgment. I am personally very glad I placed faith in that judgment, as it has given me a first-rate chance of winning the prize of a Swiss *chalet*.

"'*Figurez-vous*,' said a *jeune fille*"

THERE are certain writers and playwrights who, in their extravagant efforts to win converts to their views, succeed in creating at least ten times as many antagonists, and these, generally, among people whose inertia would have led them to remain neutral had they not been provoked. Among Parisian writers is a M. Lauzanne, who ought to receive a handsome weekly consideration from the "Boom Britain" fund—if there were one—for the excellent result of his scurrilously cattish attacks on the British, which win us at least a dozen friends for one enemy.

NOW M. Henry Marx, the playwright, has joined the unlucky band of those

whose counsels have more recoil than anything. In his new piece *Ariel,* at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, he sets out to make us sympathetic towards anarchists and their methods by presenting a supposedly attractive figure who is led to apply these methods under the influence of the injustice he sees around him. But so far from gathering sympathy, M. Henry Marx compels us to realise how futile are such efforts as the killing of *patrons* by the throwing of bombs, and one imagines that few Parisians will be found who are willing to pay good francs to hear blather about the proletariat assuming power. It is almost more difficult to understand how M. Henry Marx contrives to drag Shakespeare into this red-shirt stuff in his choice of title. *Ariel* and bombs do not seem to have any common measure.



"Offering runs at less than the day-time rate"

"À travestir la verité"

You remember that among the great war yarns the one that had the finest circulation in France—after the arrival of the Russians *via* Scotland—was the tale that the British soldiers always knocked off battles on the stroke of five o'clock to take tea. Well, there is now another one which is rivalling it in circulation. This one concerns the British unemployed, who are reputed to be living the lives of millionaires in all the best parts of France on six pounds a week, which amounts to about eight hundred francs. When they tire of Dinard or Dieppe they take the Blue Train—no other being good enough for them—to the Riviera and occupy suites of rooms *en plein midi* at Cannes

The latest version I heard was that all the most expensive nursing homes around Paris had to refuse French patients because they were full of British unemployed, who were not ailing at all, but appreciated the comforts, for which they could cheerfully foot the bill out of their pound a day. "*Figurez-vous,*" said a *jeune fille* who claimed to be employed at one of these homes, "we had eleven arriving on one day." After the story-tellers, the artists ought to get to work on this very popular topic. Photographers, of course, would find it over-difficult, as they need evidence, and there is none more substantial than that of the journalists who, as Marcel often puts it very rudely, "*cherchent toujours à travestir la verité.*"

As you have some little occasional difficulties with your own taximen, you will be comforted to hear, no doubt, that we have put a bend in the backbone of our local highwaymen. They had been very stiff-necked for a while, particularly after eleven o'clock at night, when the ransom for which they sought to hold us up often ran to fifty francs for about a mile and a half. So cocksure were they that *le bon public* would knuckle down to anything that they got the night fares doubled. But the *bon public* demonstrated that its feet were far more efficient than the bandits had allowed for, and now tantalises the taxi-men by inquiring the amount of the fare and adding, "We hope you will get it." Night taxi-men, after standing idle for hours, are now offering runs at less than the day-time rate. There is practically no starch left in their collars.

RENÉ.

Easter in France

With the franc as low as it is, a holiday in France is an ideally cheap business nowadays. In fact, the only thing which might deter many from crossing the Channel is the thought of heavy railway fares. These fears are groundless, however, for the Southern Railway are issuing tickets for Easter at remarkably cheap rates. Thus the traveller can go to Paris and back for the extraordinarily small sum of 33s. 4d. The Easter Continental programme issued by the Southern Railway contains details of the cheap fares and train services, and may be obtained free on application at the company's stations and offices. For those who seek a few days at the sea, there will be cheap week-end fares to various coastal resorts, including Ostend 27s. 9d., Dieppe 29s. 5d., Calais or Boulogne 33s., St. Malo (for Dinard) 50s. 11d. No passports are required for any of these tickets. Similar tickets for varying periods up to fifteen days will also be issued at slightly higher fares.

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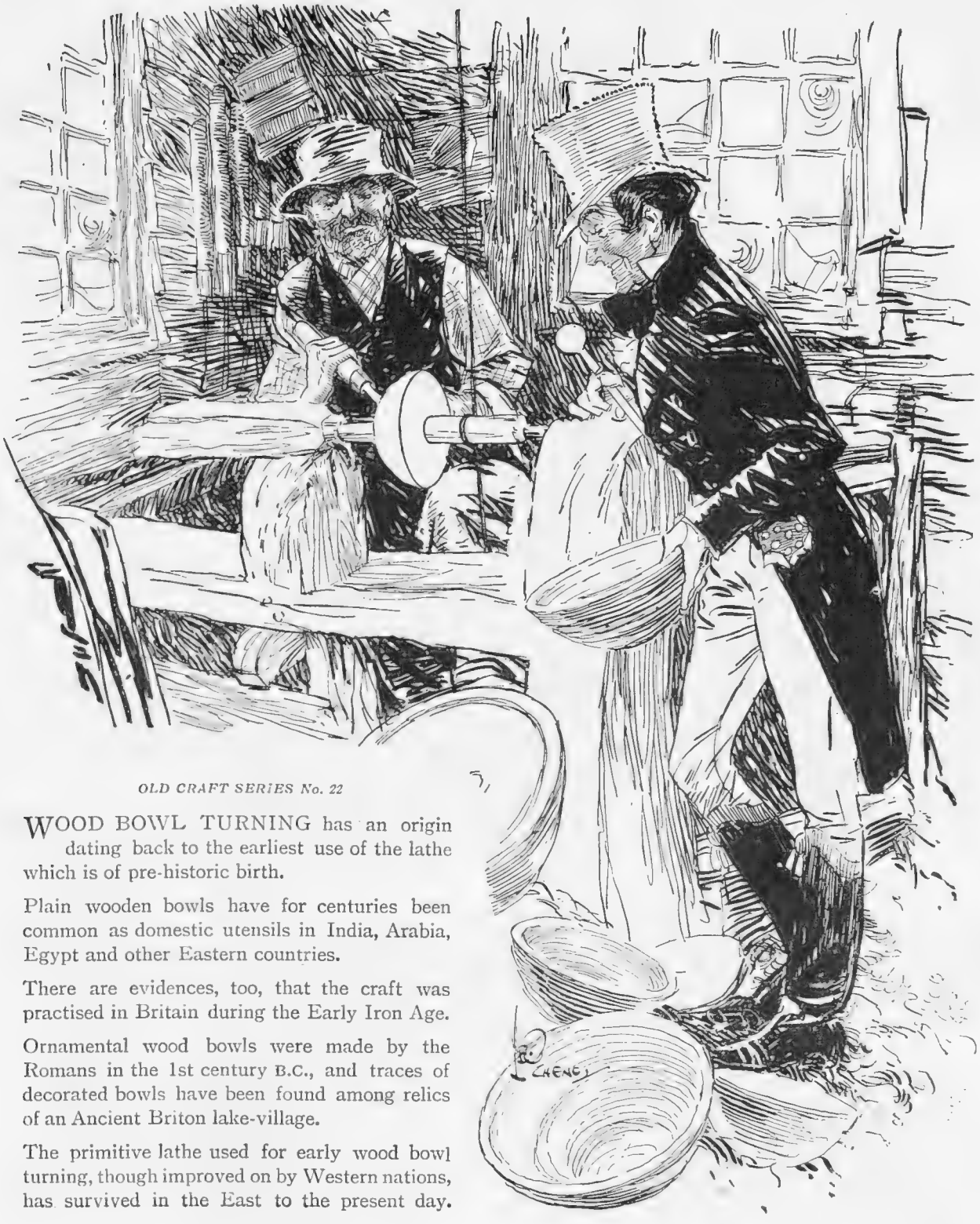

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THE RUGGER WORLD

THE SERVICES' DAY

By "PENDARVES"

One says "the Services' day" because the Royal Air Force, being still young and (h'm) shy, has not yet caught the peace-time imagination of the Rugger public. It would have if that public could see with any clarity what the Junior Service does 2,000 and 20,000 feet up in the air, and if they were allowed to peer over the edge of fuselages at miraculous instrument boards on some of the new fighting machines. But they can't do either—so the Services' Rugger day is still the day when officers and men of the Royal Navy and the Army come into friendly collision at Twickenham in the Ides of March.

It seems also to be the Ladies' Day, too. Very nearly half of that great crowd was composed of the Unfair Sex. Unfair advisedly, because it was deuced difficult for any man who had not got a new-found *fiancée* with him, when his judgment becomes curiously warped, to keep his mind on the game, with all that galaxy of piquancy and provocation climbing into the stands. Fortunately (cries of "Shame" and "Speak for yourself") the players are too busy when they come into the open to notice all this potential trouble; and while the barrage of beauty is being put over, between 2.30 and 3 p.m., they are shut up in dank dug-outs under the concrete floors, and can see nothing. Whereas I, and the other three *misérables* who came down in the car with me: well, we saw more than was good for our peace of mind. . . .

And *what* a day! Hot sun: the new Spring models of the coats and skirts: the band: the King: the vivid green grass: the dark blue men: the red men: Mr. Cumberlege in a splash of Cambridge blue blazer: a girl just behind me in a splash of—but let's get to the game, if we can. Does it matter much that the very strong Army side put it across Luddington's Navy XV to the tune of 24-10? I think not. I can't imagine that any Naval rating minded one little bit. It was such a topping game. And one came away with such lastingly pleasant impressions: some of them not without a tang of humour.

As, for instance, the remark to me afterwards by an N.O. who has battered his way through a hundred Rugger mauls in wardrooms and on playing fields. "It is wonderful, isn't it, the amount of biffing the human body can withstand?" This was whimsical, coming from him; but very much to the point. For it was a tremendously fast game, and one of the hardest we have seen for a long time. Men were not merely tackled, they were hurled to earth, and seemed to like it. Except Able-Seaman Knapman, who was playing a splendid game until he got slight concussion, after which he played as a man in a dream. And the Navy full-back, Shipwright Hoskin, who retired from business for a while with a terribly painful hand, his absence letting in the Army twice for tries.

And Guardsman Rees. I had just said to Tom Webster: "Bet you they play this man for Wales against Ireland," when the player in question, in attempting to save a kick to touch, overran the boards on the edge of the ground, and gave us a perfect exhibition of a high dive in amongst the aghast spectators. There is rough concrete here, and nail-heads, and edges of hard timber—and he was going full out. I held my breath, fearing the worst. But beyond a rub at his knee-cap, an astonished grin, and a "Thanks!" to those who retrieved him from the abyss, he was none the worse. A hardy lot, these Welsh Guardsmen.

Mr. Cumberlege, that most excellent and popular referee, came into the picture admirably twice. In the first five minutes, when the Navy drew first blood, Cumberlege very nearly scored a try. He was well up with the Navy threes, running strongly in a Rugger vest and shorts, and seemed likely to take the pass at any second—I am convinced he wanted to, and only refrained with great difficulty. And again when, towards the end, the Navy got in for a scrambling try. The subsequent place-kick went just outside the goal-posts in the strong sunlight, and the man on the scoring-board platform promptly registered another five points to the now harassed senior Service, who wanted them badly. When the game was resumed Cumberlege, glancing at the score-board, promptly stopped the game and gesticulated to the man in the fore-top. That worthy, obviously a loyal ex-naval rating, beyond signalling "Aye-aye, sir," or something of that sort, had no intention of depriving the beloved Service of a couple of points and "took no further action"; until the anathemas and threats of a squad of grey-coated Guardsmen on the slopes below him made him waver and comply grudgingly and with jibes.

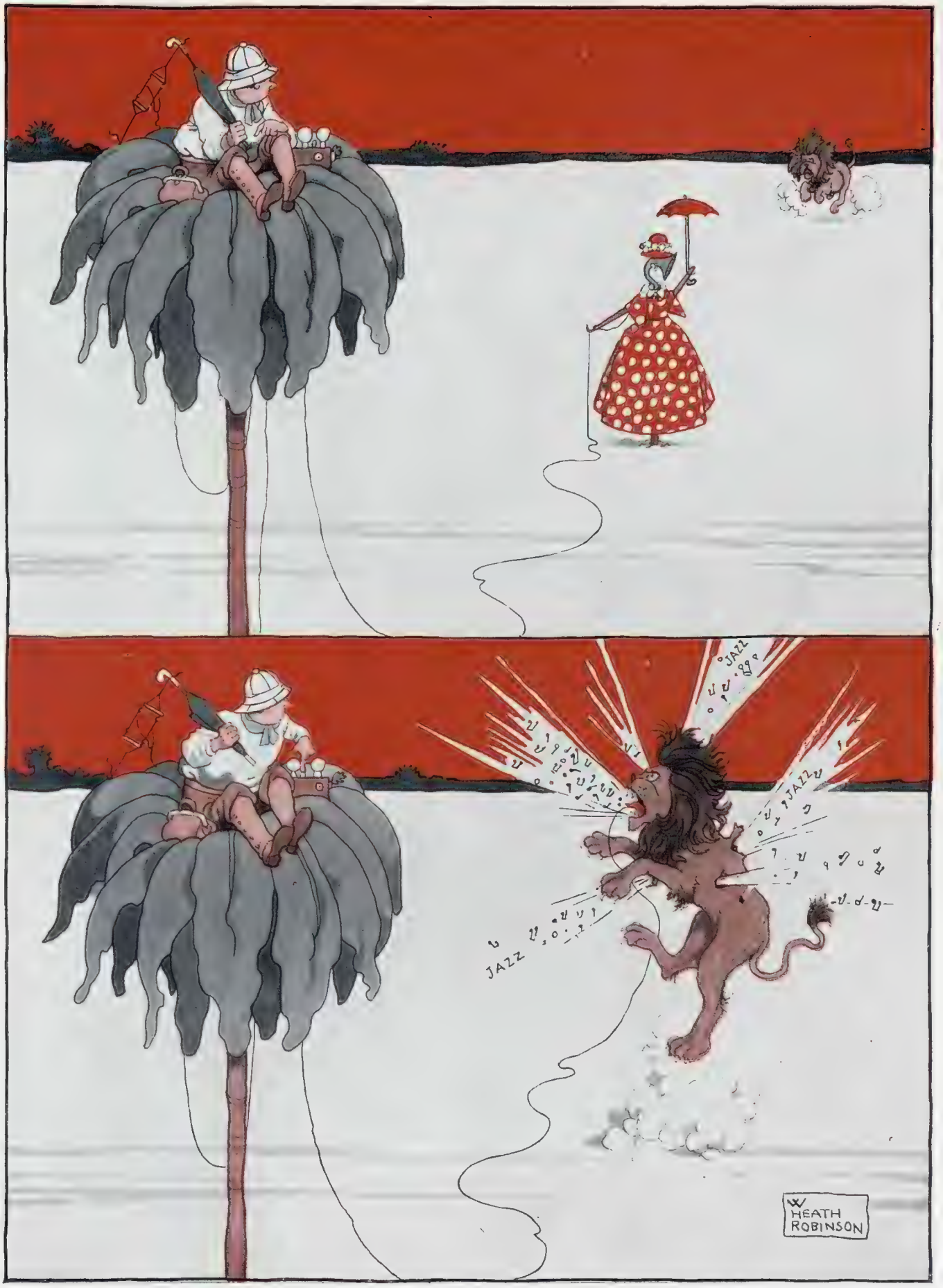
As England plays Scotland next Saturday, here is the *really* short way down to Twickenham: Putney Hill (avoiding Hammersmith Broadway) — Kingston — The Dittons—Hampton Court (a good pull-up for motorists here)—Shepperton — Staines — Windsor—Slough, and then along the Bath Road to Twickenham, which is the fourth turning on your LEFT. It's a good road surface, too.

As I am going to the match myself, I hope you will all go that way. Then there will be a reasonable chance of my arriving before the game begins—not otherwise.

CLOSER THAN A BROTHER! *G.P.U.*

A Guy's Hospital player scoring their third try, in the Inter Hospitals Semi-Final, with a King's College Hospital man in very close attendance. Guy's won by 13 points to 8.

A "Sound" Scheme



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

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Professionals to be rated at plus 4 Ladies' L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.
Pairs to receive three-eighths of combined Handicap

All Ties for 1st, 2nd or 3rd places, must be played off next day over 18 holes

Among the FAMOUS PROFESSIONALS who have entered are:—

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JOSH. TAYLOR	W. L. RITCHIE	W. B. SMITH
ARTHUR HAVERS	F. RUTTER	ALEX HERD
F. H. FROSTICK	R. HERD	ABE MITCHELL
TOM TRAPP	E. RAY	J. H. TAYLOR
GEORGE DUNCAN	G. DOUGHTY	H. C. JOLLY

Fifty-eight pairs from clubs in and around London have entered, and all Competitors will be made Honorary Members of the Club on Monday and Tuesday, March 22nd and 23rd, and on the day of the contest will be the guests for lunch and tea of "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies.

THE DISTAFF SIDE *Lafayette*

A charming study of Lady Denys-Burton and her daughter "Gipsy." Her husband, Sir Charles Denys-Burton, the fourth baronet, succeeded his father in 1922

Femina

SPRING YESTERDAY, SPRING TO-MORROW

By "CANDIDA"

"*Souvent femme varie,*" says a French proverb, and I've looked in vain for an English equivalent. "*La donna e mobile,*" meaning much the same thing, hasn't been translated either. Therefore, I proudly conclude that Englishwomen are made of sterner stuff. They must be staunch supporters of one opinion from the cradle to the grave. The Creator, apparently, created women—and Englishwomen, that is—if an absence of proverbs is anything to go by. In a famous Eastern story there is this description of the beginning of the world: "The making of man exhausted all the solid material available. Therefore, the Creator took the fickleness of the wind, the trembling of the reeds, the weeping of the clouds, the vanity of the peacock, the chattering of jays, etc., etc., and of these" (you've guessed it, no doubt) "he compounded woman." In short, *la donna e mobile*, plus poetic frills *à l'orientale*.

I THINK we expect too much from proverbs. They don't rain down from Heaven like a commandment, for instance. They're only some ancient man's opinion expressed in tabloid form, and nobody bothers about the fact or the fiction of them. Proverbs are such convenient pegs for a speech or an article. They suggest that you're not handing out mere home-made opinions, but are backed by the wisdom of the ages, whereas, as often as not, you're only uttering any old prejudice. Still, this fiction of the infinite variety of woman is one of man's cleverest inventions. In the dim, dark ages, some ancient seer must have seen the world stretched out before him like a map, and all yesterday as to-morrow, and not liking what he saw he invented a parable, or an allegory, about woman. The tatters of it survive as proverbs. I'm grateful to him. What would have become of the world if everybody saw us as the perfectly stolid, splendidly dependable and hopelessly dull creatures which most of us really are? Think of the novels that couldn't have been written, since most interesting history is one of vice, not of virtue! There wouldn't be any romance to speak of, because a love affair when the ending is a dead certainty isn't a love affair. No new dresses would be invented hourly to help on with the illusion of variety, because there would be no variety to be illuded about, no Bond Street to shop in, because. . . . But I needn't go on. It's clear that such calamities had to be avoided at all costs.

VARIETY alone makes life worth living. It's the things that might happen, even if they never come off, it's the ships that may come in, although they never do, that make it worth while. There's the Spring, for instance, which one gets occasionally in blessed snatches. One day last week even this unlovely city was wrapped in golden sunshine; every square was a little paradise of budding bushes, the grass was as green as emeralds, and the daffodils behaved exactly as they do in poems. But the weather forecast was bad enough to depress an archangel. Sleet, snow, gales, local thunderstorms, were a few of the items, and, sure enough, most of them came off the very next day.

"THE LIVING IMAGE"

Mrs. Harry Fox who very successfully brought our Christmas Number Cover to life in a recent skating carnival at the Peking Club

WHY complain? The intervals are all the nicer. Easter is all delicious uncertainty. Shall we be freezing in our furs or sweltering in chiffon? Incidentally, it does complicate the packing problem, but one can't have everything in life. Uncertainty is like the charm of a smile: delightful just because it's fleeting, when fixed there's no nightmare like it. I once tried to live with the picture of a lovely lady's smile, and my pleasure in it lasted for five minutes or so. After five hours I couldn't bear the sight of it, and within five days I'd given up the attempt as hopeless. We poor mortals like to pretend that we adore the stable and unchanging above all else in this shifting world, but it's lucky that no one takes us at our word. In reality, we can't stand it any more than we can accept Truth with a capital T.

I ONCE spent a Spring in a country where there was no nonsense about it. Every day the great, golden sun shone out of a sky that was softly and wonderfully blue; the trees behaved as all efficient trees should behave in Spring; the birds sang punctually every morning, and the new, red tulips stood erect like armies of well-trained soldiers. There was pink-and-white blossom on all the proper branches, and every vista was an enchantment of shining green. And yet, long before the end, I longed for some misty moorland in Scotland, where a fine day is called a "gift" day, because, I suppose, it's so rare and so precious; where Spring is not calm and mature with all her wild oats sown, but a wild, young person dancing along her primrose path with eyes like stars, a being made up of light and *joie de vivre* and of unkeepable promises, all unkept. How one loves her for them, or in spite of them! "Give me my dreams," as they say in the *Immortal Hour;* so much better than the stuff that reality is made of.

IF you don't agree with me, and prefer a sure sparrow in the hand to a possible bird of paradise in the bush, and don't care for the Spring-yesterday-Spring-to-morrow state of things, you'll be immensely cheered by the Spring shows held by all the best people. I don't mean picture shows. Art is always much the same, whether it exhibits in March or in November. I mean the dress shows, where Spring is delightfully suggested in the last thing in *crêpe de Chine* jumper suits, and every *ensemble* looks like a honeymoon, and they make a creditable Ascot out of a lace dress, a parasol, and a picture hat. What more can one ask to welcome the Spring in—even if it never comes?

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A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

IT always seems to me that when Lytton Strachey began to write his *Queen Victoria*, he intended to poke polite fun at her, but that gradually he was caught up in the glamour of her personality, and was forced to see that, in spite of understandable weaknesses, she was a very great woman. That, indeed, must be the verdict of all who read the second series of *The Letters of Queen Victoria* (1862-1878) (Murray: 2 vols., £2 12*s.* 6*d.* net), which Mr. George Earle Buckle has edited with such skill and discrimination.

They are amazingly entertaining: that is your first view. You may not be particularly interested in Victorian politics, but the Queen's letters will force you to be interested. You forget all that has happened since the 'sixties, and find yourself back in a real and vivid world of State drama, of tragic moments and of ceremonial splendour. Here are things from the inside; and you feel as if you had been mysteriously appointed a kind of extra Cabinet Minister for the time being. You read on, and unconsciously you find yourself taking sides, this way or that. It is like a new kind of chronicle play, superbly staged.

And as for the chief character herself, what are you to say of her? There are moments when, recalling present conditions, you wonder at her daring, and yet in another minute you will be using another word: courage. Queen Victoria's position may not have been the position of a constitutional monarch of the twentieth century, but it always was constitutional, and you cannot but ask yourself what might not have happened without her guiding hand

From these letters she emerges as a dignified Sovereign of amazing strength, who worked on day after day in the midst of private sorrows, queerly prejudiced sometimes, though generally only in smaller matters, but always a willing slave to duties which not one woman in a million would in her day have been capable of performing with such continued success. And, finally, these two volumes, apart from their historical importance, make up a human document of far more than ordinary breadth and interest.

THE great majority of school stories not unnaturally have to tell you of the boys themselves. Occasionally, however, it is the schoolmaster who plays the chief part. *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* immediately occurs to one's mind. In that trenchant story, you remember, the anomalous position of an assistant master in a small public school was made abundantly clear. And now, in an almost equally pioneering piece of work, *The Shadow of the Chapel* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. Kenneth Potter introduces you to another school problem, which he handles with quite unusual dramatic power.

There is not a single boy in his book to whom more than a line or two is devoted. Only one, in fact, is mentioned by name. And yet they are not missed. Mr. Potter is writing solely of the common-room, where, it would seem, there are much the same difficulties to be faced as confront any other small clique of society. The headmaster complains that masters are not attending chapel with that regularity which he would like to see. For the boys, of course, attendance is compulsory, but for the masters it is optional, and some of them object to what they look on as an unnecessary form of tyranny.

In particular there is Oliver Makepeace, who represents the newer generation of masters. He is not too sure of his own religious beliefs, but is sincere in not wishing to be a hypocrite. On the other hand, he is not a free man. He is waiting patiently for a "house," and herein the headmaster is all-powerful. Obviously, he must keep in with authority, which means, amongst other things, regular attendances at chapel. And then, later on, when he himself has become a headmaster, there is the same problem to be faced. He has not changed, but the old tyranny persists. He is forced into a new and more pronounced hypocrisy, and also "regrets" to find that attendance at chapel amongst his subordinates is not what it might be.

This, of course, is not all, for Mr. Potter's brilliant novel contains a very good story as well. There is, incidentally, the question of Makepeace's marriage and the matter of the much-desired Lime Grove. The chief figure is not too sympathetic a character, but he is a real person, as, indeed, are all his colleagues. The writing is excellent, and you lay down the book puzzled that nobody (so far as I know) has ever written before of this side of school life. Mr. Potter's next novel should be well worth waiting for.

A MODERN SATIRIST *Russell*

Mr. John North, whose new book, "A Comedy of Women," has been given a very favourable reception. His previous book, "Girl or Boy," is about to run into a third edition

A SHORT LANE By Hynes

Whose many turnings and acrobatic twistings are the great attraction of "Turned Up" at the New Oxford. Meaning Mr. Lupino Lane, of course!

MR. NEVILLE BRAND'S work is uniformly good. He is a careful, perhaps too careful, craftsman; he can tell even a most improbable story in such a way that you believe in it; and he has the power of interesting you in every one of his people. *Narrow Seas* and *The Courtyard* were both novels of distinction. Of their successor, *The Sleeping Queen* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), it may be said that it is an odd, fantastic story of a young Frenchwoman of the 'sixties, who has curious visions and—what does not always happen to her kind—curious adventures. Louise, the innkeeper's daughter, and the two men with whom she is bought into contact, are etched in with unmistakable power, and even at such times when you are apt to be irritated by the vague mystery which surrounds her, Louise herself makes an appealing heroine. Mr. Brand, indeed, is a writer to be treated with respect. His imagination is picturesque and his methods sincere.

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

QUESTION OF A LEAD

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"PERSEUS" sends me a query about a hand which is of interest. At score game all Z dealt and bid "One Spade"; A (my correspondent), "Two Clubs"; Y, "Two Spades." All passed.

A held: S.—A, x. H.— x, x, x, x. D.—K, x. C.—A, x, x, x, x. He opened the King of Diamonds and the Declarer held Ace, Queen. Z made five by cards, A making only his two Aces.

"My partner" (writes "Perseus") "severely condemned my opening lead, saying it was the worst card to open with of the thirteen cards I held. I disagreed, stating that if he held either the Ace or the Queen of Diamonds we should have saved game. He had to admit that no matter what card I opened with game could not have been saved as the cards lay.

. . . . . .

"My defence for opening with the unorthodox lead of the King of Diamonds from King, x, is as follows:—The chance of my partner holding the Ace of Diamonds was one-third. Of his holding Queen also one-third. Therefore the chance of his *not* holding Ace was two-thirds, and of his *not* holding Queen also two-thirds. Therefore the chance of his holding neither Ace nor Queen was two-thirds plus two-thirds equal four-ninths equal five to four against. Thus the odds were in favour of my partner holding one of those cards, and, if he held either, we should have saved the game owing to my making a ruff with my small trump before Declarer could draw it. It remains now to consider the odds against either Declarer or Dummy holding Ace and Queen of Diamonds in the same hand. It is eight to one against such an event. The odds against Declarer and Dummy holding between them (one in each hand), both Ace and Queen, are five to four *against*, for the same reason that it is five to four *on* my partner holding one or the other. This being so I humbly submit that the King was the lead best calculated to save game or to defeat opponents."

. . . . . .

Now I am not prepared to say that the lead of the King of Diamonds was bad. One should never judge by results. From the bidding A realised that his partner had a poor hand, but it did not follow at all that B could not hold either Ace or Queen of Diamonds. If A had not held Ace and another trump the lead would have been undoubtedly bad. I think most players on A's hand would have led out Ace of Clubs and had a look at the table. But even if he had done so what is to be his next lead? He might very well then try the Diamond. Of course it may be argued that A was throwing away needlessly a trick in the event of B holding neither Ace nor Queen. As it happened, Declarer held Ace, Queen, 10, and B held Jack. If B had held Queen and Z the Ace, A's play would have saved the game. I am of opinion that A was unfairly condemned by his partner—no unusual event when things go wrong. But it is satisfactory to note that no lead by A could have saved the game.

. . . . . .

An interesting question of a lead is suggested by a correspondent, who writes:—

"At love score, game all, my partner bid 'One Heart,' and the opponent on his left bid 'One No-Trumps,' and all passed. I held:—

"S—Q, 6, 2. H—5, 3. D—J, 8, 7. C—K, Q, 10, 9, 2. What is my proper lead?"

In my opinion, the King of Clubs. Holding a suit of this strength it is advisable to show it at first, as it may be most important later that the partner should know what to lead. If, as is likely, the King of Clubs is allowed to make by the No-Trumps declarer, it would be right to lead at trick two the 5 of Hearts.

A strong holding of Clubs such as this justifies departure from the rule to lead at once partner's suit.

HOW

KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH

IS MADE

LEMONS used in making 'Kia-Ora' came from Sicily. After 'Kia-Ora' lemons are picked, they are taken to the warehouse in Messina, where they are sorted and graded into two qualities—Primissima—the best; and Prima—good; several grades according to size are packed in boxes or cases containing 300 medium or large or 360 smaller lemons.

GRADING.

Every lemon before being graded is examined thoroughly, brushed all over with a small stiff brush to make sure that it is free from any imperfections such as thorn pricks, or tiny bruises. We pack millions of lemons every year but every lemon goes through this examination. This seems incredible but must be done to ensure arrival in good condition in London. The examination of lemons and the grading are carried out by young women, who, after grading, wrap the lemons in tissue paper and place them according to grade in different boxes. These lemons are taken to the packers and the grading and packing are so accurate that the cases hold almost the exact number of lemons; a box is rarely more than two or three out of the correct count. Messina graders and packers are very skilful and trustworthy

The boxes are now secured, marked, and stacked ready for shipment to London. What happens on arrival at our factory will be told in our next advertisement.

Kia-Ora is on sale everywhere at 1/2 and 2/2 per bottle.

Sole Makers:—

KIA-ORA LIMITED,

BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.1.

Also Australia, Canada, U.S.A., India, Africa and Messina.

The Chocolate for the open road.

I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks

I'm a plain man and I know what I like. There's a friend of mine from my home town, York, that I want to introduce to you. Sterling chocolate, finely blended and generously packed in comfortable half-pound cakes for one shilling —in fact, Rowntree's Plain York Chocolate.

It's deeply cross-ribbed to break with ease, yet it is thick enough to get your teeth into. Slip a piece into your mouth, bite it, and turn it over on your tongue. That's the way to relish its melting smoothness and its fine flavour of pure chocolate. You'll be glad of this introduction. Plain York will be a real friend to take on walks. A little of it will turn a biscuit into a meal and you can eat quite a lot without wearying of it.

ASK AT THE SHOP FOR ROWNTREE'S

PLAIN YORK

CHOCOLATE

and get the newest and latest and most splendid eating chocolate you have ever tasted.

In 6d. cakes, also ½ lb. 1/-, 1 lb. 2/-, and in 3d., 6d. and 1/- "Nap" packets and 2d. bars.

The Dog Clubs

THEY SAY—WHAT DO THEY SAY?

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE WIRE-HAIRED DACHSHUND

A new type of dog bred by Lady Berwick at Attingham Park, Shrewsbury

It is well known that we have some six hundred so-called Dog Clubs in this country, the members of which are humans. But less is known of the more numerous Dog Clubs established in every town and hamlet of the kingdom, whose membership is confined to Dogs, and whose proceedings are proportionately less easily recorded. Given close observation and intimate knowledge of the members, a fair notion may be gained of their debates. Here, for example, is a crude outline of the discussion which took place the other evening in the debating club attached to a fair-sized mixed kennel in Sussex.

Minutes of previous meeting being passed, Mr. Senior Bloodhound on the straw-sack announced that the subject chosen for that evening was: "Can humans reason, and are we developing their intelligence?" Debate was opened on the affirmative side by a wise and broad-minded Gordon Setter, the negative being championed by an extremely shrewd, if slightly acidulous, Dandie Dinmont, with a Scots accent.

Having admitted that the world was endangered, and all Dogdom grievously injured by the human muddling that produced what humans called the Great War, the period, that is, of The Rationing, the learned Setter proceeded to argue, both temperately and convincingly, that the perseverance of fanciers, and the common-sense of humans generally, had since proved factors of no small importance in Dogdom's remarkable, not to say spectacular, post-War renaissance.

Speaking (with some acidity) as a representative of Radical thought, and, he added, as a Wee Free of long standing, the Dandie congratulated humanity on the record to which they had listened that evening. "We Dogs," he said, "have admittedly made unique progress since the days when their fratricidal muddling almost brought many of our leading races to extinction. In numbers as in quality, in repute and appearance as in popularity, we have progressed at the rate of hundreds per cent. Because of their complacent approval of this, we are asked to admire, not so much canine virility, if you please, as human intelligence!

Amid some interruption, the Dandie was understood to say that sentimentality on the one hand, and a tendency to under-rate the sterling virtue of flesh food, hard tack, and open-air freedom, on the other, were human failings justifying canine scepticism as to their reasoning powers. "The other day in Hampstead a woman emptied a kettle of boiling water over two Dogs who were sparring, subsequently pleading as her excuse that she wanted to separate them lest they hurt one another!" An interrupter pointed out that it was a human who laid it down that: "No game was ever yet worth a rap, For a rational man to play, Into which no accident, no mishap, Could possibly find its way"; to which the Dandie replied that this was due to its writer belonging to a hardier generation than ours, and being of Scots descent. In the end, the affirmatives were declared to have carried their point by an overwhelming majority, and the Dandie was understood to mutter that "Even Dogs are getting sentimental, nowadays."

The Woman who "just misses" Beauty . .

. . . just misses also her full measure of happiness and success.
She may not realise her handicap until some big thing in life "just missed" will bring home to her the importance of "looks"—the urgent need for skilful toilet aid so that she may look her best at all times, with a healthy, lovely complexion and youthful contour.

And here the genius and world-wide experience of Helena Rubinstein come to her assistance, with the promise of

"Beauty for Every Woman"—at every age, in every clime.

For thirty years "Valaze" Beauty Treatments and Preparations have been recognised by lovely and noted women throughout the world as the most scientific and effective ever created to beautify the complexion and rejuvenate the contour.

There is a "Valaze" remedy for every conceivable beauty flaw, and no matter what your problem may be, you will find the solution in the brochure, "Beauty for Every Woman," which will be sent gratis on request.

NO FEE FOR CONSULTATION—PERSONALLY OR POSTALLY.

Sport and the Complexion.

If the skin is to be kept softly tinted and supple it must be protected with Valaze Sun and Windproof Cream. **It entirely prevents discoloration and freckles,** even in the tropics, and is an excellent foundation for powder. For skin cleansing after exposure, Valaze Water-Lily Cream is delightfully soothing and smoothing. Prices **3/6** and **2/6** respectively.

Ugly Distended Pores

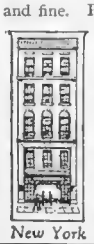
are refined and skin-greasiness remedied by washing with Valaze Open Pore Paste and applying a few drops of Valaze Refining Lotion, which leaves the skin fresh, clear, and fine. Prices from **2/3** and **5/6** respectively.

Blurring of Facial Contour.

When the face begins to lose its youthful curves, and assumes a slightly "hollowed-at-cheeks, pendulous-of-chin" aspect, the urgent need for Valaze Roman Jelly is indicated. Bracing and rejuvenating, this never fails to youthen the contour remarkably. Price **4/6.**

A "Wrinkle" about Wrinkles.

Wrinkles are not always signs of age. Illness, outdoor sport, fatigue, skin-dryness cause wrinkles unless proper care is taken. Two valuable anti-wrinkle specifics are Valaze Perfection Cream and Valaze Skin Tonic, their use ensuring possession of a soft, unwrinkled skin. Prices **5/6** and **5/-** respectively.



New York

Special Beauty "Lesson-Treatments."

Every woman naturally wishes to look her very best at a Dance, Dinner, or Theatre Party

Yet in this day of rush and hurry many lack the time for a protracted scientific treatment of the face, much as they might need and desire it. Madame Rubinstein has therefore devised an amazingly beautifying and rejuvenant treatment at the minimum fee of 10/6.

By following with attention the consecutive steps of the treatment you will be able to give yourself the identical treatment in your home.

These treatments are strictly individualised and scientifically varied according to the character and condition of the skin.

London

Helena Rubinstein

24, GRAFTON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1
(Off Bond Street, facing Hay Hill). *'Phone: Mayfair* 4611.
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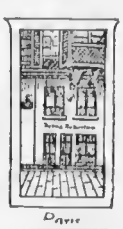
PARIS: 126 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Edinburgh: Miss LAWRIE, 7A Hope Street.
Harrogate: Mrs. McCOY, Grosvenor Buildings.



Paris

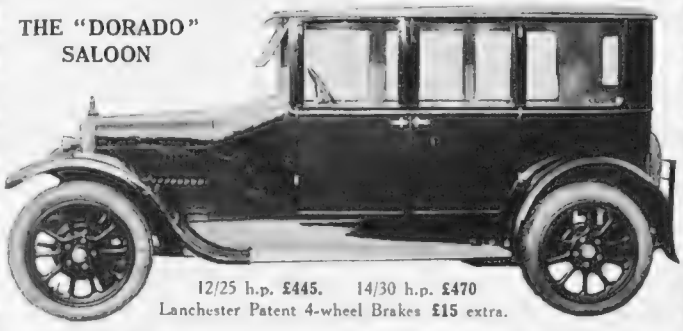
STAR CARS

MODELS DE LUXE FROM **£380**

EXTENDED PAYMENTS ARRANGED

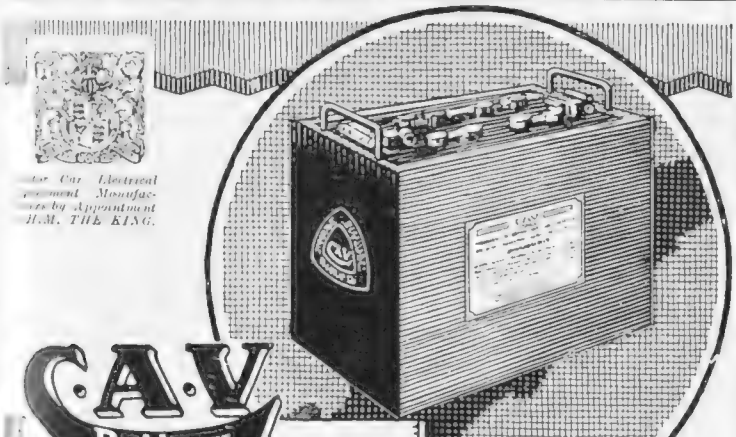
Famous for their quality since 1898, are recognised aristocrats of the road to-day Yet they guarantee unrivalled economy as well as the distinction of perfect craftsmanship. Star Cars are the cheapest of all cars to maintain. Details—sent on request—will explain why

THE "DORADO" SALOON



12/25 h.p. £445. 14/30 h.p. £470
Lanchester Patent 4-wheel Brakes £15 extra.

THE STAR ENGINEERING CO., LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON
(ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THE RENOWNED STAR COMMERCIAL MOTOR VEHICLES)
LONDON DEPOT: 24, LONG ACRE, W.C.2 S.J.



...r Car Electrical ...ment Manufac... by Appointment H.M. THE KING.

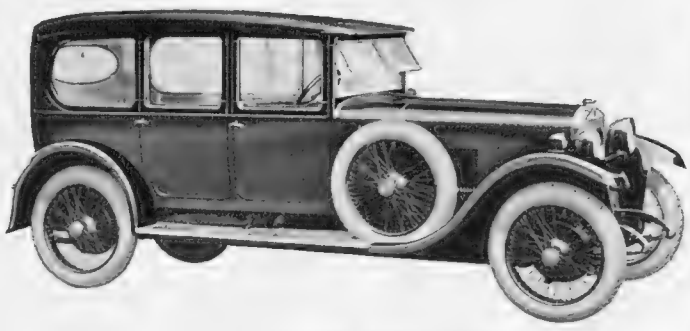
C.A.V. Battery

The Battery is the most important unit of the car's Lighting and Starting system. Be assured of dependability by fitting a C.A.V. BATTERY with the famous THREADED RUBBER INSULATION, which is standardised on many of the leading British Cars, and has won golden opinions from experienced Motorists by reason of its ability to stand up to the most exacting usage.

C.A.V. Replacement Batteries for most British, American and Continental cars can be obtained from C.A.V. Service Stations, or direct from—

C.A. Vandervell & C.o Ltd.
ACTON VALE, LONDON, W.3.

with THREADED RUBBER INSULATION



18/55 h.p. Talbot Saloon-Limousine.

THE OPEN ROAD IS OUR SHOWROOM

THE performance of the 18/55 h.p. Six-cylinder Talbot is exceptional and a trial run in this splendidly appointed car is a revelation in luxurious motoring.

Its remarkable acceleration and equally remarkable four-wheel brakes, so smooth and yet so positive, give a new sense of security.

The vibrationless six-cylinder engine, with a delicate steering and control, create a new standard of excellence.

There is an Agent near at hand ready with a car to give you a trial run by appointment just when and where you like.

18/55 h.p. six-cylinder Talbot, two or five seater, £750. Coachbuilt saloon, £950. Saloon Limousine, Saloon Landaulette, Coupé, Weymann Saloon bodies are also available.

Illustrated Catalogue with full mechanical details post free on request.

Demonstrations on the 18/55 Talbot can be given by the following Talbot Agents:—

LONDON: Warwick Wright, Ltd., 150, New Bond Street.
BELFAST: Birch & Workman, 45/7, Chichester Street.
BIRMINGHAM: Hy. Garner, Ltd., 25, Hill Street.
BRADFORD: Central Garage Co., Ltd., 4, Town Hall Square.
DUBLIN: S. T. Robinson, 33/4, South King St.
GLASGOW: Western Motor Co., Ltd., 117/127 Berkeley Street.
MAIDSTONE: Rootes Ltd., Len Engineering Works.
MANCHESTER: Tom Garner Ltd., 12, Peter Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: Hodgson's Garages Ltd., 121, Northumberland Street.
SHEFFIELD: Burgon & Ball, La Plata Works, Mullins Bridge.

Agents in many other parts of the country.
Names on application to Clement Talbot Ltd.

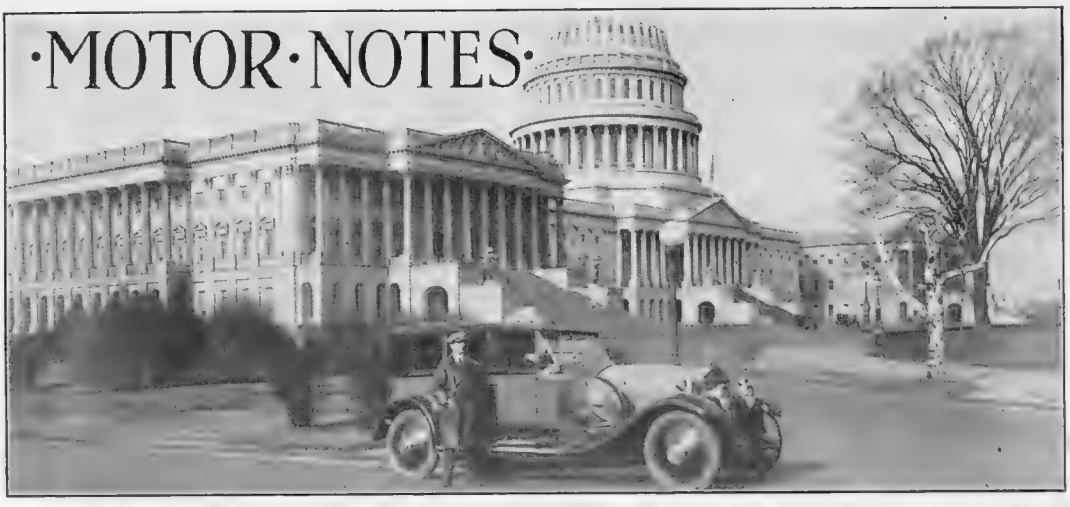
THE INVINCIBLE TALBOT

Models: 18/55 h.p., 12/30 h.p. 6-cyl., 10/23 h.p. 4-cyl.

CLEMENT TALBOT LTD.,
KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.10

Telephone: Park 5000. *Telegrams: "Clemtal, Nottarch, London."*

·MOTOR·NOTES·



CAPITOL AND CAPITAL

A photograph of the 40/50 h.p. "New Phantom" Rolls-Royce standing in front of the Capitol at Washington, U.S.A.

A LITTLE over a fortnight brings us to the Easter holidays, considered by some to mark the official opening of the motoring season. The Spring-like weather, however, with which we were favoured in the very early months of the year caused the official opening to be anticipated. Nevertheless, many are waiting until the present time before placing the orders for their new cars. I am afraid many of these folk will be disappointed in securing early delivery, and in some cases may have to wait until after the holidays. The Spring motto of the motorist should be "order now and take delivery early."

STRONG activity is reported from the second-hand market. With the general increase in the reliability and longevity of the modern car the purchase of a second-hand vehicle is no longer the gamble that it used to be. It is now possible to secure first-rate cars at very reasonable prices, which can be relied upon to give satisfactory motoring for several seasons. Those who are unable to secure delivery of their new cars in time would be well advised to consider the purchase of a good second-hand car, whereas those whose immediate means do not permit of the purchase of a new car should not be content to remain non-motorists, as it is possible to pick up bargains in used cars at surprisingly low prices.

* *
*

THE winning of the Dewar Trophy by a 14-45 h.p. Rover saloon for the best performance in a certified trial during 1925 was recently celebrated by a dinner at the R.A.C. with the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley in the chair, and with the donor of the trophy—Lord Dewar—as the guest of honour. This function developed into a most enjoyable celebration, being assisted considerably thereto by the racy remarks of Lord Dewar and the witty response of Mr. J. K. Starley, the managing director of the Rover Co., Ltd. It will be remembered that the Rover made fifty consecutive ascents and descents of the Welsh pass—Bwlch-y-Groes—a twelve hours' gruelling test of engine, gears, transmission, and brakes, and at the finish not half a pint of water was needed to restore the contents of the radiator to their original level. The maximum gradient of this hill, which is about one and a half miles long, is 1 in 4.93.

* *
*

BROOKLANDS motor track is now open for the season, having been closed since November last in order to allow the necessary

(*Continued on page 664*)

Crossley Cars

FROM CAPE TO CAIRO BY ROAD *for the First time in History*

The Court-Treatt Cape-to-Cairo Motor Expedition

FOR the first time in history the journey from CAPE to CAIRO has been accomplished by motor car. Once again the apparently impossible has been achieved by CROSSLEY CARS. No other car in the world has ever completed this gigantic task.

Thirteen thousand miles through unknown country, where no roads exist, through veritable seas of mud, across rivers and over the desert. More than once the cars were completely submerged, but the journey always went on to its final triumphant conclusion.

This is the kind of service all Crossley cars are built to give. They succeed where other cars fail.

All Crossley cars are built to one standard—the highest. Whether you are interested in the popular 14 h.p. (R.A.C. Rating 15·6), the 19·6 h.p. (the car which broke all R.A.C. Certified Trial Car Mileage Records), or the wonderful new 18/50 h.p. Crossley Six, it will pay you to ask for details of Crossley models at once.

Points from the Journey.

From start to finish the engines required no attention.

Seven times in sixteen days the cars were dragged across rivers from 14 to 20 feet deep. The cars were completely submerged, and on one occasion one car was under 18 feet of water for 4½ hours. Notwithstanding this terrible treatment they always proceeded on their journey.

Sections of tropical forest, roadless swamp and desert stretches constituted a large part of the route.

CROSSLEY MODELS.

14 h.p. - - from **£395**
19·6 h.p. - from **£785**
18/50 h.p. "Six" from **£675**

Catalogues on request.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD. MANCHESTER.

LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DEPT.: **40-41, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.**

"The Car for the Connoisseur"

ALVIS

12 - 50 h.p. ALVIS
FOUR-FIVE SEATER.
Four wheel brakes,
four speed gear box.
Full equipment and
Dunlop Tyres.

£495

FOR the past three years ALVIS design has been looked upon as something to copy, and its performance as a hall mark of perfection. This 1926 ALVIS is a car to wonder at—bigger, faster and safer than ever before. The 12-50 h.p. engine with overhead valves develops great power and has a flexibility and sweetness at all speeds equal to any six or eight cylinder car. 6 to 60 m.p.h. on top gear and 30 miles per gallon of petrol are features that can be proved on the road. The Four-wheel brakes give instant action without vibration, and the engineering excellence of the chassis is so far above that of any other light car that it is guaranteed for three years. "As good as an Alvis" is a claim often made but seldom substantiated. Its coachwork impresses by beauty of line and finish, and satisfies by the softness and quality of upholstery. A long, low body with ample leg room and every detail of luxurious equipment completes a model perfect in every part—a car for a connoisseur. May we have the pleasure of sending you a delightfully illustrated Catalogue describing this and all other ALVIS Models? The ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO., LTD., COVENTRY. London Distributors: Henlys, Ltd., 91 & 155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

Power with Beauty - Speed with Grace

ALVIS—Britain's BEST Light Car
CHASSIS GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS

H.P.

repairs to be carried out to the surface. The work of reconstruction was considerably hampered by the severe weather of the winter, but hundreds of tons of new concrete have been put in to make good the damage done during last season, and the track is now in excellent condition. Various improvements have been made to the track in order to improve the view of spectators. The first important car meeting of the season is the B.A.R.C. open meeting on Easter Monday, when there will be ten races on the programme, including the Lightning Short Handicap for the Founders' Gold Cup. Racing will start at 1.0 p.m.

***

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE in Piccadilly when completed will be found to accommodate some of the largest firms in the motor trade. For instance, Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., the largest distributors of British motor cars, are further increasing their already extensive showrooms in Devonshire House. They are exercising their final option on the floor space, and now, in addition to the imposing Piccadilly frontage, the showrooms will extend along Berkeley Street, and will thus give a total office and showroom floor space of 16,000 square feet. It is anticipated that the new premises will be opened during the last week in May.

***

A STANDARD two-litre O.M. was recently driven continuously for six days on the Monza track. In this time 15,000 kilometres were covered at an average speed of over sixty-four miles an hour. Although no records are officially recognised over twenty-four hours, there are, of course, unofficial records for greater times and distances. The O.M. was a standard two-litre with side valves and was fitted with a single-seater body, so I am informed. The sponsors of the car claim that the O.M. secured thirty-six records in the course of its trip. I understand that in the course of its six days run the O.M. stopped only three times involuntarily. One was for the purpose of attending to the valves, while the two other stops were made for the purpose of attending to the distributor, which finally had to be changed. The distributor trouble was due to oil leakage of the engine.

IN SURREY

A photograph of the 10/23 h.p. Talbot saloon car standing outside the Abbot's Hospital, Guildford

***

IT will be remembered that last November the Austin Motor Company found themselves in a position to reduce the prices of their 20 h.p. models as a result of economies secured from the improved method of production. These economies have now permitted a reduction in the price of the 12 h.p. models. The Clifton touring car, a four-five-seater with wide popularity, is now priced at £295, while the Mulliner saloon, the lowest priced of six covered models, costs £305.

***

WHILE it is possible to obtain thoroughly roadworthy motor cars at remarkably low prices, higher priced cars of similar size are normally more refined in their finish and their performance. This is particularly true of the 12-50 h.p. 1926 Alvis. The four-five-seater is priced complete at £495, but an inspection of the chassis and the general

(*Continued on page 666*)

The reply of a British Manufacturer to Foreign Car Competition in Overseas Markets

Here is the chassis—the BEAN "Fourteen"—which by its sensational performance in the back-blocks of Australia has demonstrated that "British means Better." It has all the stamina of Hadfields Sheffield steel combined with the willing power of a sturdy British engine. And into every feature quality is built. Design, material and workmanship—all combine to give the "little bit more" that makes such a world of difference.

Consider the specification. Four wheel brakes, four-speed gear box with right-hand control, multiple dry plate clutch, shock absorbers all round, standard track, ample road clearance, Dunlop Cord Balloon Tyres. And all the accessories are positively driven—there are no troublesome belts on the chassis.
The body work—whether it be the Open Tourer or the more luxurious closed models—will hold its own in any company.

A. HARPER, SONS & BEAN, LTD.,
DUDLEY. WORCS.

London Showrooms: 11a, Regent Street, S.W.1.
Manchester Depot: Wood St. (off Deansgate).
Australian Depot: 517/519, Little Collins St., Melbourne.

Our 1926 Centenary Year

Write for illustrated catalogue, or ask for demonstration to prove the efficiency of BEAN Cars and the BEAN 25 cwt. Commercial Vehicle.

Models and Prices.

THE "TWELVE."

Two-Seater	£298
Four-Seater	£298
Saloon	£375

THE "FOURTEEN."

Three-Seater	£395
Five-Seater	£395
Saloon	£450
Landaulette	£575
Saloon-de-Luxe	£585

Subject to tyre surcharge.
Dunlop Tyres Standard.

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

AN EXPERT OPINION of the 20-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE

'. . . the very best chassis that could possibly be produced . . . the best materials and workmanship that could be obtained . . .'

THE SPHERE, January 23rd, 1926

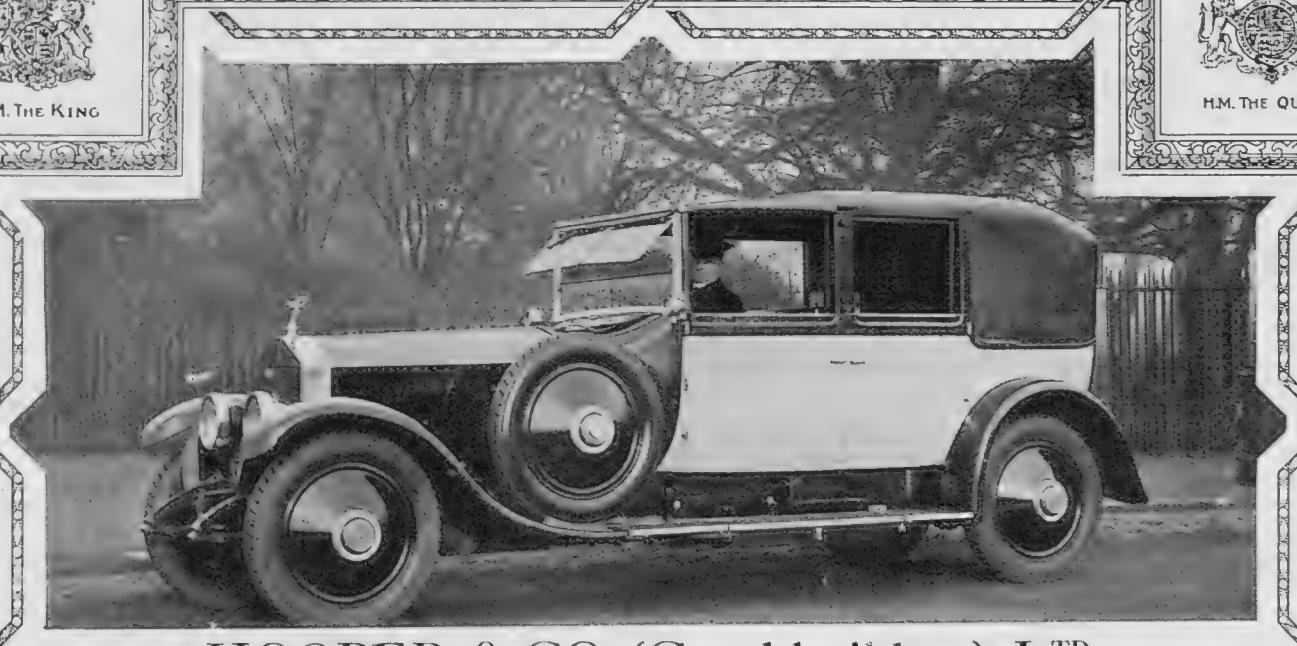
ROLLS-ROYCE LTD, 14/15 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: Rolhead, Piccy, London Telephone: Mayfair 6040 (4 lines)

C.P.

H.M. THE KING

H.M. THE QUEEN



HOOPER & CO. (Coachbuilders), LTD.

AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING MOTOR CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders to
HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
H.M. the late QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
} By Royal Warrant of appointment.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARY, Viscountess Lascelles
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1.

H.M. THE LATE QUEEN ALEXANDRA

H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

Kennington Service

excellence of manufacture and finish will show that this figure is an extremely reasonable one. The 1926 model incorporates even more refinements than its predecessors, notably such minor but important features as the fitting of rubber buffers between the engine, gear box, and the frame, so that no vibration shall be transmitted to the same time the car possesses a very good top speed performance.

* *
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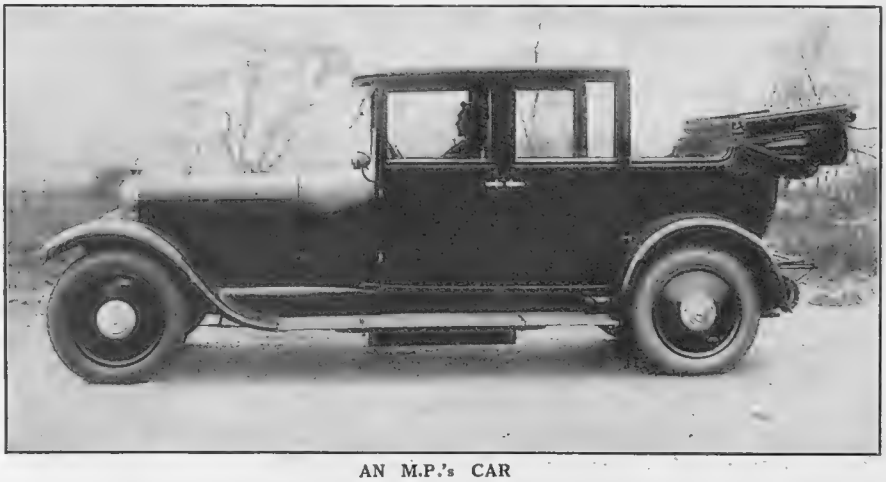
Some indication of the hill-climbing power of the Alvis may be gauged from the fact that the minimum speed on the famous Dashwood Hill was 30 m.p.h. on third gear, with three full-sized occupants in the car. This is



AN M.P.'s CAR

The "Hooper" Enclosed Landaulette 25/85 h.p. Daimler which belongs to Lady Astor. The car will seat six people comfortably, all facing forward

the car's occupants. The latest Alvis engine is most efficient in its operation. It is capable of a high rate of revolution, and yet at the same time is vibrationless and silent whatever the engine speed. The gear box, a separate fitting, provides four speeds, every one of which is of use. An intelligent use of the gear box on an Alvis results in surprisingly good speed on hills, while at an excellent performance for a 12 h.p. engine. The bodywork is exceptionally comfortable, the adjustable front seats allowing the driver to adopt the most convenient position. The brakes when properly adjusted are good. These are of special Alvis pattern and operate on all four wheels. The Alvis is also economical in its running, while the controls are light yet positive.

Both motorists and golfers will be interested to hear that Major C. O. Hezlet, D.S.O., the well-known international golfer, has now made arrangements with the Connaught Motor and Carriage Co., Ltd., to work from their new showrooms next to Claridge's Hotel. This arrangement should be very satisfactory, as Major Hezlet's friends and clients will have the benefit of the company's extensive showrooms with the varied stocks of various new and second-hand cars, and also of their repair works.

* *
*

The 1926 edition of the Brooklands Year Book is now available. It contains the fixture list for the coming season, a list of the winners of the principal car races last year, together with their speeds, the whole of the international records, a complete description of the track, a list of members, and the new silencer regulation. This Year Book may be obtained for a humble shilling from the Secretary of the B.A.R.C.

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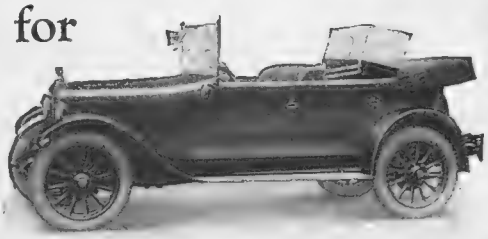

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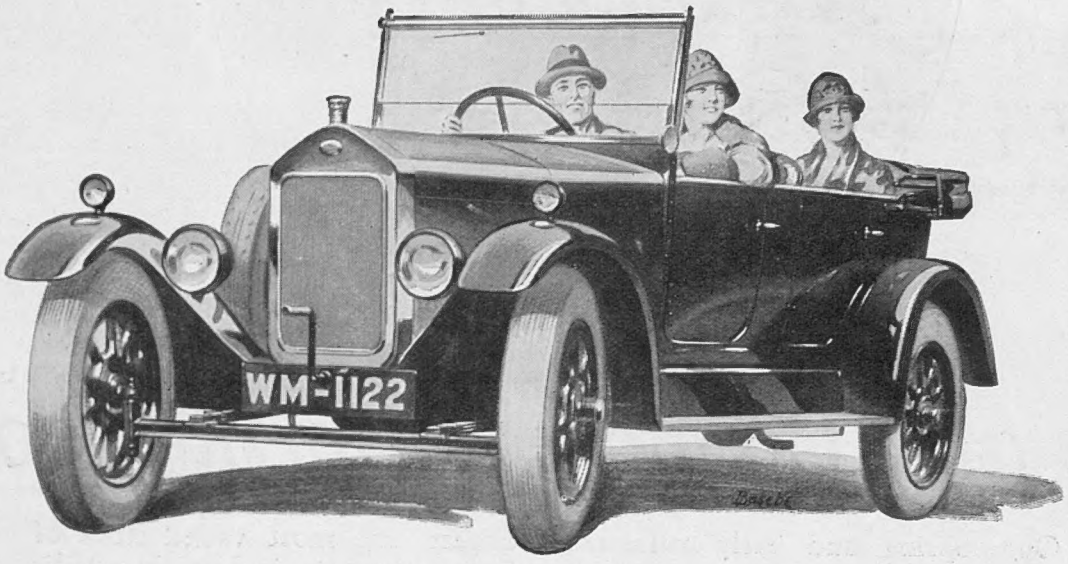

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Fashion's Fancies for the Spring

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Outstanding Feature of the Spring Season is the Favour Accorded the Ensemble Suit

A joyous moment is Spring, and a most momentous one where dress is concerned, for with the sun growing higher in the heavens every day, and young leaves and flowers verily cropping up under the eyes, the dullest heart is inspired. There is much rejoicing in the shopping world, through which a throng of women are passing in search of attire smart and gay enough to be in harmony with Nature's handiwork. Two-piece, three-piece and jumper suits, all excellent stand-by possessions, are being featured to a marked extent; in fact, they are the corner stones of any well-equipped wardrobe.

AN ATTRACTIVE JUMPER SUIT

A jumper suit in pale fuchsia mauve, executed by Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street. The jumper is woven with a design in a deep shade of ivory, the skirt being box-pleated in groups

Sketched by Helen Havers

A Peep Behind the Scenes

It was something in the nature of a special privilege to learn of the trend of taste at Madame Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, W., prior to the dress display held there on the 16th.

After this always eagerly anticipated event, all the carefully guarded secrets are out. Thus it is now permissible to chronicle how capes will be widely recognised, dresses more closely defined to the figure, and sequin embroideries employed on lace for evening *toilettes*.

One of red lace is a mass of little sequined flounces from *décolletage* to hem, these gradually increasing in width and fullness as they descend. A model of black *ciré* lace has a little bolero front and long floating wings at the sides, a most gracious and elegant creation.

Of more immediate interest, though, are Madame Barri's jumper suits. Needless to say, these carry the hall-mark of distinction and fine taste, as may be gathered from the model illustrated. Employing one of the favoured flecked materials in a pale fuchsia mauve, the skirt is box-pleated in groups, the selvedge forming the hem and intensifying the colour; while the jumper of the same fabric is woven with a design in a deep shade of ivory, and, closing with gilt-rimmed amethyst buttons, is worn with the narrowest of belts and a hat of crochet straw. The latter, matched to the suit, is as light as a feather and as pliable as the best fur felt.

It is an all-too-brief story, of which more remains to be told in the near future.

Turn It Inside Out

An ideally useful *ensemble* seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, comprises a long coat of a very small navy blue and white-checked material—tiny checks, by the way: all the rage—lined navy-blue corded silk.

Now, whichever way this wrap is worn it presents the same cleverly moulded line. It is worn with a similar figure-forming frock of the corded silk-trimmed bands of the checked woollen.

Another arresting model here, and sketched by our artist, has a dress of pale grey repp, the upper part lightly embroidered in silver thread and completed by one of the quaint little stand-up collars at the back. This is worn with a coat of black fancy cloth, much moulded to the figure, that has facings of the grey repp, outlined by a narrow silver *galon* and tiny fold of grey *crêpe de Chine*.

CHARM IN GREY

A dress of pale grey repp, the upper part lightly embroidered in silver thread, from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is worn with a coat of black fancy cloth much moulded to the figure

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

Harvey Nichols are likewise making a speciality of the better-class, though extremely moderately priced, jumper suits. Beautifully made with touches of embroidery in good quality *crêpe de Chine* or Kasherette, and in all the new shades of *bois de rose*, parma, Bordeaux

A PLEASING TWO-PIECE

An attractive two-piece costume in saxe-blue *charmelaine*, from Messrs. Dickins & Jones, Regent Street. The gown has a circular apron-front of horizontal lines of *charmelaine*

Sketched by Betty Nesbit

red, blues, etc., these suits represent exceptional value at 6½ guineas.

The Uses of Reversible Materials

Charmelaine, one of the many fabrics with a dull and a bright side, is cleverly handled in the two-piece sketched at Messrs. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. A particularly attractive and representative model in saxe blue, this boasts a coat that has a suspicion of a *godet* in front, where it is tied with narrow ends, clustered groups of tiny nickel buttons adding an enlivening note.

This coat removed, there stands revealed a gown of the same fabric arranged with a circular sort of apron front composed of horizontal lines of the *charmelaine,* the dull and the bright sides used alternately, and each mounted with an open-work stitch.

There is, however, as always in these *salons,* the most exhaustive choice in styles. A jumper suit of checked suiting, in tones of beige, orange and nigger, is trimmed with beige stockinette, and completed by a long coat lightly held to the figure by a narrow belt. A short coat accompanies a *charmelaine bois de rose* frock arranged with loose panels in front, and mounted on to a fancy *crêpe de Chine* top that has a printed design toning from red to beige, a contrast that also lines the coat. But this first-floor *salon* at Dickins and Jones may very literally be described as overflowing with up-to-date Spring seductions.

Ready-to-Wear in All Sizes

A WELCOME change from one-colour schemes are jumper suits that have a self-coloured skirt and fancy-coloured and patterned top. This is a fancy that is being significantly featured at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, and at prices, moreover, of a tempting character, such as three and four guineas.

A jumper woven in shades of pale blues and beige is offered in conjunction with a skirt of beige fine stocking stitch wool, the whole beautifully light for Spring wear. Another model in beige

OF EASY GRACE

A two-piece suit in fawn repp, both frock and coat carrying discreet touches of embroidery and comfortable, ease-giving pleats. This is one of the many new models from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

Sketched by Helen Havers

and black appeals as persuasively smart and refined, as do also several examples carried out in that popular flecked fabric "Frizella," priced from 6 guineas upwards. There are simple stockinette suits for country service and sports selling at from 29s. 6d.

In the same *salon* is to be found an admirable choice of two-piece suits, models obtainable in ordinary and outsizes. The latter is a provision that will be much appreciated by women past their first youthful slimness. The example pictured is of fawn repp, both frock and coat carrying discreet touches of embroidery and comfortable, ease-giving pleats. As the coat is lined through with *crêpe de Chine,* the cost is startlingly moderate at 8½ guineas.

A Pageant of All-British Fashions

FOR the three days' display of all-British fashions, held by Harrods, the spacious and magnificent salons at the top of the Brompton Road emporium were filled to capacity. The pageant featured the entire collection of period models of The British Model House, W., followed by a show of the season's latest in tailored coats and capes, jumper and sports suits, afternoon and evening gowns, together with the inevitable two-piece.

One of the latter our artist contrived to sketch. It is a strikingly elegant example of beige tricot, the frock slightly moulded to the figure by short perpendicular pin tucks, with a front panel of fine pleats surmounted by a long inset of deep tinted *point de Venise* lace that resolved into a wired Medici collar. The lace reappears in hanging flots at the back of the sleeves. Of the

(*Continued on page 672*)

THE ITALIAN NOTE

An elegant two-piece of beige tricot. The front panel is surmounted by a long inset of deep-tinted *point de Venise* lace that resolves into a wired Medici collar. This is a model to be seen at Harrods Ltd., Brompton Road

Sketched by Betty Nisbet